

DECEMBER, 1941

Woman's Day

2¢



Aluminum is getting scarce

Every day your aluminumware becomes more precious. Now, more than ever, you'll want to make it last longer.

Lucky for you, that's easy. Every time you use your pots and pans, and your "Pyrex" ware, give them a clean-up and a shine-up with S.O.S.

Scientific tests have shown definitely that cleanliness does preserve aluminum.



*Make your
pots and pans
last longer*

Put S.O.S. on the job! See how easily—how quickly—it whisks away scorched food, scours off the burns and grease, makes your dingiest aluminum shine again—like magic!

Get a package today—sure! Let S.O.S. keep your pots and pans looking like new and they'll last like new.



BIG MEALS AHEAD—big clean-up chores at the kitchen sink! There's where S.O.S. saves you time and work—shines those pots and pans and "Pyrex" ware in a jiffy—keeps valuable aluminum like new for many holiday seasons.

OUR READERS WRITE

Oh's and Ah's from the Teen Ages

Dear Editors:

Last Wednesday I received WOMAN'S DAY, and was I surprised and thrilled! That's why I want to take this time to thank you for your courtesy, and your grand job of editing on my article ("How We Like Girls to Act on a Date," October)—it was delicious! (Please ask Miss Holmes about the word delicious.) Ever since last Thursday, "girls," I have had some very nice things thrown my way (not including those rotten eggs of course), such as "Hello, Jack London, Hello, O. Tommy, Hello, Edgar Allan." But there is still one guy whom I work with that the article evidently hasn't impressed in the least, because when he speaks to me I hear him say, "Hello, Bar Fly!" I sure enjoyed reading Miss Holmes' article, "How We Like Boys To Act On A Date." It appears to me that Miss Holmes has had quite a bit of experience on this subject, if you know what I mean. Well, as Susan Bennett Holmes would say, "G'day, ladies, and don't think it ain't been charmin'."

TOM WILLIAMS, Scranton, Pa.

Dear Susan Bennett Holmes:

Please don't let that Williams goon contaminate your swell department again. He thinks he can write, does he? Well, he'd better be careful before somebody lures him into a net with a bunch of bananas. His would-be clever article belongs in the Snappy Gag and Comeback Department for about 1929. As one of the fellows said, I suppose he washed his joke book and can't do a thing with it, but, oh Lord, when he dragged in Will Rogers, that was the limit. No doubt he needed something to jack up his half-witted puns, but did he have to bring in Will Rogers and then neatly label him "American Philosopher"? Does he think we're that dense? Honest, it's stuff like that that reeks to high heaven for vengeance. So, please in the future keep that aspiring pencil pusher out of your department. If you must get outside views, get Maureen Daly or Jack Pilsen or anybody who has some conception of literate writing. But for the sake of people who like your articles, give Mr. Williams back to the Oakes.

MARIAN PEHOWSKI, Milwaukee, Wis.

Static in Our Radio Department

Dear Editors:

Mr. Raymond Knight's article, "Turn Backward O Time" (October) is putrid. Here are a few news flashes that could well replace his: "Senator Wheelhorse advocates keeping our canoes, bow and arrow, and Braves here to protect our own shores, therefore Big Chief denounces him as being anti-Britishia. Senator Wheelhorse recommends strong defenses for our shores, but Big Chief thinks we should give our canoes to Britishia. Big Chief is hungry for blood, so if war will not come here, he declares he will send his Braves out to find it."

L. M. B., Taunton, Mass.

Dear Editors:

The article, "Turn Backward O Time" was unusually amusing. I hope Mr. Knight continues entertaining the rest of WOMAN'S DAY readers as much as he did me.

MRS. DOROTHY ZLATKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editors:

Please, oh, please have Mr. Raymond Knight refrain from writing another article such as the one in the October issue. We consider it bad taste, to say the least, to have our statesmen ridiculed in such a manner as that. No doubt Mr. Knight has a right to his own opinion. But never should he use his column in your magazine to influence others to his way of thinking. His contribution was neither witty nor entertaining.

MRS. RUSSELL HALL, Bronx, N. Y.

Listen to what they're saying about "Pyrex" Gifts this Christmas!

AND I KNOW A MODERN HOUSEWIFE WHO IS GOING TO GET A SPARKLING CUPBOARD-FULL OF IT!

PYREX WARE IS THE GIFT EVERY MODERN HOUSEWIFE WANTS!

BOY, I'M GIVING MOM PYREX WARE, TOO!

THIS NEW DOUBLE BOILER IS JUST THE THING FOR MY DAUGHTER—SO EASY TO CLEAN!

PYREX FLAMEWARE
for modern top-of-stove cooking

PYREX PERCOLATOR...for the woman whose family loves good coffee! Watch coffee perk to the right strength. Tastes better and stays hotter in glass. 6-cup size only **\$2.45**

PYREX SAUCEPAN. It's thrilling to switch food cook in this novel all-glass Flameware saucepan. Cover locks on. Handle removes for serving and storing. 3 sizes. 1 quart **\$1.65**

PYREX DOUBLE BOILER makes even cereal a joy to prepare. Grand for cream sauces, icings. A perfect gift for the lady who'd like a modern kitchen. 1 qt. size... **\$3.45**

MY HUSBAND AND I AGREE MEALS TASTE BETTER COOKED IN PYREX WARE!

I DO ALL MY COOKING IN GLASS—IT SAVES MY TIME—BAKES 1/3 FASTER!

PYREX WARE'S THE GIFT ANSWER FOR EVERY WOMAN ON MY LIST!

I'M GIVING MOTHER A SET OF 11 PYREX DISHES IN A LOVELY GIFT BOX!

PYREX OVENWARE
thoroughly-clean modern

PYREX CAKE DISH. This lovely crystal cake dish costs so little you'll want to give a pair. She'll love them for baking rolls, chops, potatoes. See the neat glass handles! Only **95¢**

PYREX LOAF PAN. Bakes delicious meat, fish, bread, desserts like Mother used to make. Never stains or discolors. Easy to clean. You can watch foods brown. 9½" size... **45¢**

PYREX UTILITY DISH. It's the gift she can use for everything! Bakes faster, better! Perfect for candy, brownies. Serve piping hot steaks on the table! 2 sizes. 10½" size **50¢**

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WHAT A COOK!

the gift she'll use on Christmas Day

Give PYREX WARE

"PYREX" is a registered trade-mark... look for it for your own protection



**it pays to guard
tender beauty with pure
SWEETHEART SOAP!**

A MILLION? Your baby's worth more, of course! And—what price that lovely, delicate skin? It's far too precious to trust to ordinary soap.

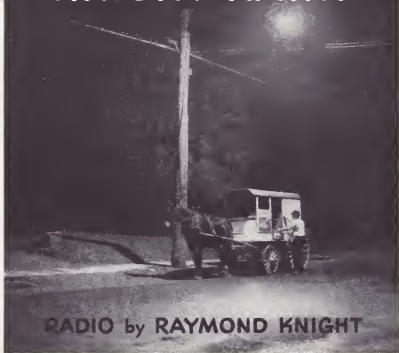
PURE, MILD SWEETHEART—there's a soap for your "million-dollar baby"! Fluffy, cuddly lather, that's soft to the skin as your powder puff. Begin now to guard your baby's beauty by using pure SweetHeart Soap from-the-cradle.

AND SAY, MOTHER, you can put two and two together, can't you? Naturally, a soap that's pure and mild enough for baby is just right for you and the whole family. List SweetHeart Soap among your own little beauty aids. Stock up at present thrifty prices. Get several cakes today!

SWEETHEART TOILET SOAP



KNIGHT HAWK



The time is five minutes of two in the morning and you are southward bound through Times Square. The big million watt signs have stopped blinking their multi-colored lamps, but dozens of smaller ones are still going, and from 42nd Street to 48th the pavements and sidewalks are still full of people.

You read the signs: Papaya Drinks—Hector's Cafeteria—F. W. Woolworth Co.—Two Trouser Suits—Hotel Claridge—Shine 5c—Melvyn Douglas & Ruth Hussey in Our Wife—

You pick up scraps of conversation from the stay-up-laters. A British sailor is talking to two men and a girl, and the girl is saying "—and they were bombed out." Four gay middle-aged women with flowers on their coats cross the street in a bewildered huddle and one exclaims, "Girls! I think we're lost!" Another jumps in alarm as a taxi just misses her and then giggles, "Think of all the insurance I'll get if I get hit!" Two British midshipmen stand gazing at the scene and one shakes his head saying, "They drive on the wrong side of the road every which way."

And where are you heading for at this time of night or morning? Are you going home and to bed after a party or a late movie? You are not, because here is 1440 Broadway and the headquarters of Station WOR, a key station of the Mutual Broadcasting System. And what are you doing there, when the night's broadcasting is all over? Ah, that's where you are mistaken. There's something new coming along in radio and you're going to find out a few facts about it.

A suspicious-looking guardian makes you sign the night book and the one remaining elevator operator takes you up to the 24th floor. And there you are, right in the middle of radio's latest development, the all-night broadcast.

Easterners have long known WNEW's "Milkman's Matinee" which has been etherizing dance music during the wee small hours for insomniacs, night owls, all-night bar-and-grill patrons—and milkmen. Middle Westerners have listened to Eddie Chase in Chicago and West Coast listeners know "Jack, The Bell-boy" for the same reason. But WOR is the first 50,000-watt station in New York to give 24-hour service six days a week. And the reason is a new development in the nation's life which may mean that, eventually, no matter where you live, you may be able to turn on your set at any time after midnight and hear programs nearly as diversified as those you now hear from sunrise to the witching hour. And what is this new development? It's the defense program!

From coast to coast many industries are now on a three-shift, 24-hour basis. This means that thousands of families and millions of people are living a topsy-turvy life, and that a new stay-up-late and get-up-early audience has sprung into being. And radio, quick to see the possibilities of this new group of listeners has already begun to give them service.

WOR calls its new venture "Moonlight Saving Time," and it runs from 2:00 a. m. to [Continued on Page 49]

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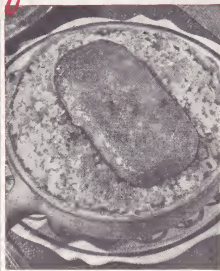
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THIS ISSUE

Cover, John Clymer. 2, Photograph by F. M. Demarest. 9, Painting by Adolf Dehn. 10-11, Photographs by John Mills, Jr. 12-13, Illustration by John Clymer. 14-15, Photographs by Consuelo Kanaga. 17, Illustration by Arthur Sarnoff. 19, Pine Tree—courtesy of the National Art Program, W.P.A., artist, Ruth Barnes; Rug—courtesy of the National Art Program, W.P.A., artist, Clyde Cheney; Doors and Windows—photograph from the U. S. National Museum. 20-21-23, Kodachromes by Emile Danielson. 22-24-25, Photographs by Emile Danielson. 26-27, Drawings by William Steig. 28-29, Photographs by Ted Lundbergh and Allan Ritchell. 30, Photographs by Zoltan Farkas. 31, Photograph by Glen Mill. 32-33, Illustration by S. B. Valentine. 34-39, Photographs by Robert Coates. 40, Photograph by Consuelo Kanaga. 66, Sketches by Henry Stahlhut.

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LIKE SWIFT'S
 PREMIUM HAM,
 IT'S
*Sugar-cured
 for extra flavor!*



Prem and vegetable
 casserole ready in
 15 minutes!

Done in three waves of your wand! First wave: Order Prem, the new Swift's Premium quality meat... made of fresh, lean pork and *sugar-cured* the exclusive Swift's Premium way. Second wave: Making 2 generous individual casseroles, cube ¼ can of Prem and 5 medium size cooked sweet potatoes. Add No. 2 can of peas and 2 cups medium white sauce. Combine and pour into buttered casseroles. Top with buttered crumbs and a slice of Prem. Bake in 400° oven till crumbs are browned. Third wave: Taste the extra goodness of Prem. No spices. No gristle. Swift's Premium quality in every bite!

SWIFT & COMPANY:
 PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS



Cooking for a MAN

Good for a Month o' Sundays!

TRY THIS on your man's sleepy Sunday morning appetite...and watch him dunk up the last drop of the savory, succulent gravy!



SAVORY GRAVY ON HAM 'N EGGS

After you fry bacon or ham, fry eggs, and put on platter. Pour most of fat from pan. Let pan cool a little. Pour in 2 tbsp. of A-1 Sauce, then 4 tbsp. of cream, ¼ tsp. paprika. Roll mixture around in pan away from heat; pour over eggs. Just 30 seconds for such glorious, gormondous goodness!

A-1 Sauce coaxes out hidden flavors in cookery, or on steaks, chops, cutlets, fried tomatoes, cheese and egg dishes at the table. It perks up tomato juice...and how!

FREE Booklet of 22 tested recipes, "Cooking for a Man," G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 512, Hartford, Conn.



"For unto you is born
this day in the city of
David a Saviour, which
is Christ the Lord."

ST. LUKE 2:11

WOMAN

VOLUME 5

Profile of a New Yorker



Margaret Case Harriman, whose very lively and informative story on Michigan's Lady Mayor appears on page 10, is a born and bred New Yorker. Daughter of Frank Case, who owns New York's Hotel Algonquin and who authored "Tales of a Wayward Inn" and "Do Not Disturb," she's spent all of her life in the metropolis, except for a couple of years at school in Paris. Her first job was as an editor on *Vanity Fair*, which, she says, may be a reason why that magazine failed. After that she entered on her career as a free-lance writer and spent quite a lot of time looking through coat pockets and the bottoms of old purses for pennies and dimes to pay the grocer. In 1933 she sold her first Profile to *The New Yorker* magazine and since then she has also written for *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies'*

Home Journal and *The Saturday Evening Post*. About the picture which accompanies the story, she writes, "This is a better picture of the fish than it is of me, but that's as it should be in a fishing picture, we loving fishermen think." If you have a Lady Mayor in your home town, we'd like to hear about her. We think Lady Mayors make interesting reading.

Artist or Writer?

Phyllis Rowand likes to write but she also likes to draw. When we published her first short story, "Julia," way back in March, she said the illustrations didn't look like Julia. So when Danny came along (you'll find him on page 16) she sent in a sketch and we said it didn't look like Danny. After a fair and honest appraisal of our drawing of Danny, author Rowand decided that ours was best. "But the mother is too dressed up," she said. "You just don't wear smooth-looking black dresses on a farm." She has a point there, we have to admit, so we're all waiting for her next story at which time we're hoping everybody will be serenely happy. Artist Rowand spends most of her time drawing frail ladies and angels and butterflies that go into perfume and petticoat ads for Houbigant, B. Altman and Jay Thorpe. But she is especially interested in writing studies of children she knows, like Julia and Danny. Not, she says, to point a finger at their parents, but in the hope of giving the children some understanding of themselves and each other.



American Poet



He's one of the finest writers of our time. His first novel, "Peter Kindred," was published in 1919 but it wasn't until the publication of "One More Spring," his tenth novel issued in 1933, that he became a best seller. Since then he has written six more novels, best known among them are "The Enchanted Voyage" and "Portrait of Jennie." Robert Nathan is a poet as well as a novelist and he is something of a musician, too. At one time he considered making music his career. He lives in New York, summers in Truro on Cape Cod. He is married and has one daughter, Joan. He makes his debut in *WOMAN'S DAY* with a story about Christmas called "Here is Our Inheritance," which you will find on page 9.

In Our Next Issue We are planning such articles as "How to Raise Stoo for your Church," in which we report on a Hobby Show and Bazaar of the Second Reformed Church of Tarrytown, N. Y.; a new Della T. Lutes article called "The Lasting Things"; "This is Needlepoint," the tenth article in our series on American Needlework, and a very funny piece by Raymond Knight, entitled "Six Easy Rules on How to Hold Your Hus-

'S DAY

NUMBER 3

EDITORS
EILEEN TIGHE
CORA ANTHONY
MABEL HILL SOUVAINÉ
DOROTHY BLAKE
KIRK C. WILKINSON

band." Over and above all this we will have a new Dorothy Ducas story on housing called "The Whole Family Built it for \$5,925," and our decorating editor, Louise Sloane, is putting the finishing touches on an article that tells how a young couple furnished a three-room apartment for \$120. There will be two short stories, one by Louis Adamic called "He Came From Norway," the other by Elsie Singmaster, as yet untitled. And just for good measure, Mabel Hill Souvaine is planning a group of new hats you can crochet for very little money, and Cora Anthony is beginning the year with a big story called "Good Meals on a Low Budget."

Photograph Enclosed



Fannie Kilbourne, author of the Dot and Will stories so well liked by our readers ("Between the Years" on page 32), sent us this photograph from Boulder, Colorado, where she spent the summer. It was taken, she writes us, by a man who is a bit of a psychologist as well as a photographer. One of his many hobbies is the making of two different portraits of the same person by splitting the original photograph down the center and transposing the halves so that one picture consists of the two right halves, the other the lefts. "I already knew," the Kilbourne letter continues, "that the two sides of nearly all faces are slightly different but these portraits were

startling none the less. Some of them looked like pictures of two brothers or two sisters who bore only a general family resemblance. The oddest fact is that they usually seem to be pictures of people of very different characters. My photograph, enclosed, is undoctored." P. S. We were so disappointed over Miss Kilbourne's undoctored photograph that we've asked her to send us a doctored one for publication in an early issue.

A Note From Our Radio Editor

"Dear readers: Ooops! Sorry! When I compiled this season's list of programs for the November issue how did I know that the networks were going to change their minds faster than you could say Guglielmo Marconi? Corrections came in so fast after we went to press that it looked like a blizzard. I'm very unhappy about it but don't say I didn't warn you. Please check your local papers for programs and don't blame me. O. K.? Happy listening! Raymond Knight."



Michigan's Leading Handweaver



Mrs. Gallinger and Jo

We'd like to have Osma Gallinger, Michigan's weaving authority, take a bow for the very fine assistance she gave us, both in research and design, in the preparation of our article "This is Weaving." It's ninth in our American Needlework Series and you'll find it on pages 18-25. Mrs. Gallinger is the co-founder together with her husband, Milo, of the Creative Crafts Weaving School at Hartland, Michigan. Here every summer, they hold a two-weeks' conference of American handweaving where gather not only experienced weavers but also beginners who are interested in learning methods of weaving. Mrs. Gallinger is proud of her work and reputation in handicraft, prouder still of her daughter Jo. Jo, she says with a maternal gleam in her eye, not only knows how to cook, run a typewriter, mimeograph, plan meals and keep a flower garden, but in addition was chosen second-best violinist of her age in the State of Michigan.

A Star Performance at the home of JEAN HERSHOLT



AN ALL-STAR CAST of two! Jean Hersholt ...and "the Champagne of Ginger Ales!"

CANADA DRY STEALS the picture when it comes to thirst-quenching and refreshment.

INVIGORATING is the word for it—that zesty, breezy drink the whole family can enjoy right up to bedtime!

CANADA DRY

GINGER ALE

IT'S INVIGORATING!



Convenient sizes
popular prices

"WHAT A BARGAIN!"

NEW SUPER-SERVICE KITCHEN KNIFE

APPRAISED
\$1.00
VALUE

YOURS
for only

25¢

And 1 Diamond Crystal
Shaker Salt
Spatul Seal

BUILT TO HOUSEWIVES' SPECIFICATIONS

We asked scores of housewives... in homes like yours... what kind of knife they wanted most. World-famed Cattaraugus then built this knife to fit those specifications. Send for yours now! Get Diamond Crystal at your grocer's!

5 STAR FEATURES

- * 7-inch Mirror Steel Finish Blade!
- * Hand-Honed Edge for Lasting Sharpness!
- * Durable, Hard-Rubber Handle — No Slip Grip!
- * Blade Anchored Firmly in Handle!
- * Perfect Balance Gives You Ease in Cutting and Slicing!

PLAIN
OR
IODIZED

Flows
Freely

THE SALT THAT
MAKES GOOD FOOD
TASTE BETTER!

Clip Coupon Now! Offer for limited time only!
Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt
St. Clair, Michigan
Please send me one Super-Service Kitchen
Knife. I enclose 25¢ in coin and 1 spatul seal
from Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt package.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Offer expires June 1, 1942. Good only in U.S.A.
Not good in Idaho, Montana or any other state
or municipality where use is prohibited or otherwise
restricted.



Mrs. Edmund Hennel, Schenectady,
New York, is a roofer for winter



Miss Nancy Lou Briggs,
New Bedford, Mass.

BETWEEN NEIGHBORS

This is the third year that I have sent you the message of Merry Christmas through the Neighbor column—and I do wish it, with a deep sincerity, to every one of you. Your letters have brought us close together in spirit although the miles stretched between. You have helped each other with practical homemaking experience and the sharing of points of view. You have helped me, beyond my ability to express, with your gallantry and sense of humor and common sense. You've made the job of being Dorothy Blake, Editor Between Neighbors, a stimulating adventure. Thank you—and a very Merry Christmas.

I'm Not Afraid of the Future (First-prize letter)

"I'd never dare to have a baby now with world conditions as they are. Suppose John lost his job or had to go to war or Hitler invaded the United States?" This recent remark of a young wife, to one of my friends, exasperates me. It seems just a sample of the fear complex that's affecting many Americans. They bury themselves in doleful worries for the future instead of enjoying the present. How often we hear people say, "We don't dare buy a house in these times. We don't dare start a new business or exhaust our bank account or try any adventurous experiment." I think those ideas are bunk. We can't be sissies forever. Too much depends on us.

What if we can't achieve perfect security any more—we don't want just to fold our hands and wait in dread of the future. I,



"I think so often, how lucky I am"

for one, want all the joy I can get out of life—now. I want all the little bits of everyday happiness that live again in our memories when we are old. I hope for a baby soon—a car, a home of our own, and a full, busy life. I'm not afraid of what may come. We can take it.

I try to savor the rich delight of each day as it goes by, instead of shelving happiness for the future. No matter what comes I shall have had my share of joy.

MRS. STANLEY C. ORR, Elyria, Ohio

Men Are Smart Too

(Second-prize letter)

In an issue of Between Neighbors Miss Elizabeth Smithson says, in regard to the

clever sewing screen which she made, "Men would never think of such things, would they?" She's as wrong as can be for my husband has done just that.

We had an old radio cabinet made of two sections, upper and lower. Within these sections my husband has built drawers that are completely hidden when the doors are closed. He secured some furniture crating, planed the boards down smooth, and made three drawers for the upper section and two, slightly deeper, for the lower. The drawer pulls were two for five cents.

The top drawer has partitions and removable trays. Here I keep my pins, needles, buttons, snaps, bias tape, rick-rack, etc. In the second drawer he nailed small strips of wood across at regular intervals and here my spoons of embroidery and sewing thread lie. The third drawer contains my scissors



Old style radio into new style sewing chest

(five pairs), weaving frame, crochet hooks, knitting needles, etc. One drawer in the bottom section is full of patterns for sewing and embroidery. The other contains yarn, crochet thread and embroidery work.

I wish to assure Miss Smithson that my husband is not a carpenter. He's twenty-five years old and makes a living by playing a trumpet in a band. I thought her sewing screen was a grand idea but of course I can't help but be proud of the cabinet my husband made for me. No one would ever suspect that it is a cabinet for sewing materials by looking at it. It stands in our living room and doesn't have any trouble holding its own with the rest of the furniture.

MRS. ALVIN P. EAGLE, Ironwood, Mich.

This Saves a Heap of Trouble

I have found it difficult to buy ready-made dresses with matching panties. (I wonder, did the underwear companies have anything to do with this?) I enjoy sewing, so I make my six-year-old daughter's clothes.

On the back of the panties I sew a loop of tape. On ironing day I slip the dress on its hanger, loop the panties on also and the outfit is ready for wear. No more "Mother, where's the panties to this dress?" or "Which is back?" or "Which is front of the panties?" It saves a lot of that last-minute, hurry-off-

A Department of Friendly Help From Our Readers

by Dorothy Blake

to-school rush and makes the child depend more on herself. I always sew a pocket on the dress. So many bright ideas haven't any, and no child of mine dares go to school without a clean "thank"!

MRS. L. G. SHILLING, North Canton, O.

"O. K.," notes our Fashion Editor, "the taps idea is good and so easy to do."

Cost—Very Little. Fun—a Whole Lot

Instead of going to the dime store to get decorations for my son's birthday cake, I decided to think one up. I frosted his cake with a chocolate frosting, which all "men" like, then made little snowmen out of hard sauce (you know, a little butter—a little sugar and vanilla), rolled this up into a young heart's desire. The eyes, nose and buttons



Master "Spike" Collins, the very happy birthday child

are some of the frosting. I stuck a toothpick through the arms, and candle holders through the rest of it to keep the things from falling apart. And believe me, "Spike" wasn't the only one interested in that cake!

MRS. LOUIS COLLINS, Madawaska, Me.

I've Stopped Waiting

I've just made a startling discovery: I'll probably never have more free time than I have now! You know that little habit we all have of saying, "Well, when the Christmas rush is over—the children are grown up—or Tom's over the measles..." but when "these things have passed away," there's always something else!

I think for most of us it's the special thing we want to do that never gets done. It may be anything: a profession, gardening, rug-making, playing the piano, resting and reading a good book, developing some athletic talent or study. Most of us don't procrastinate about our homemaking duties, but we wait, eternally and vaguely hopeful of "more time later on" for the fascinating something we want most to do.

I've stopped waiting! I shan't neglect my home or family. I may lighten a bit the load of community activities—I can't very much, though; my husband's a minister!—but I'm changing my attitude. The minimum of work necessary to keep my family healthy and happy; then off I go to my desk, with regular hours planned for the thing I most want to do—writing. If I put my mind to it, I'm confident I can be an "efficiency expert" and cut corners in lots of ways: no fancy ironing, no fussy meals, not too many flower vases and ornaments about, cooperation from the family, study of labor-saving devices and practices; above all, a new attitude. Me for the sane, mature viewpoint of the woman who said to a friend, viewing a dusty table: "I'm proud of that dust: I was doing something more important!"

MRS. ELMER ANSLEY, Kimmiswick, Mo.

No More Fumbling

When a woman with an armful of bundles has to fumble in her pocketbook for her door key it is very irritating.

To overcome this I made a chain of braided cord about twelve inches long, which I pulled through the key and fastened the two ends to the inside of my pocketbook with a safety pin. All I have to do is slide my hand along the braid from the safety pin and I have my key.

CAROLINE F. ADAMS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Good first-aid tip for Christmas shoppers.

You Don't Get Gaummy

I have solved the problem of handling sausage meat. I always got "stuck up" and grease all over my hands when I made out sausage patties. Now I wet my hands in cold water before handling the sausage meat and I have no trouble at all.

MRS. ERVIN CLACK, Augusta, Ga.

The dictionary says that "gaummy" is a provincial word—but I think it's too expressive to lose. Ever hear of a "gaummy faced child"?

A Little of This and That

In my motherly opinion, having three children of assorted sizes of my own, there isn't anything much cuter than a small girl with a perky bow on her hair. But a goodly assortment of ribbon bows costs money. Mrs. Janner Morgan, Antigo, Wis., has solved this problem. "I make ribbons for my little girl's hair by plinking a strip of material left after making her a dress. They are attractive and can be laundered with the dress." Mrs. Souver thought this was a swell idea! From Newark, Delaware, we get an idea for dressing up the kitchen, from Mrs. E. Metcalf. "I made new chintz pads for my white kitchen and dinette chairs. From material left over I cut out separate flower clusters. These I glued on to backs of chairs, fronts of cupboard doors and drawers. I gave them a coat of colorless shellac. The whole room looks lovely." While we're in the kitchen we might try the trick of Mrs. C. W. Vorhees, Washington Crossing, Pa. "I keep an envelope with one corner cut off in my kitchen drawer.

I use it as a funnel when filling salt shakers." And Mrs. V. Pasiak, Buffalo, N. Y., writes, "I find that cloth sugar or flour bags, which have been washed several times so they are nice and soft, are grand for drying lettuce and salad greens. Just pop them in and press lightly." Christine Rose Whitney, Richmond, Va., gives us a new stunt with salted nuts. "Beat an egg white very stiff. Fold in a pound of nut meats. Spread them out on a cookie sheet, sprinkle with salt, brown lightly in a moderate oven. They are delicious." So are mince pies, bubbling with goodness and filling the house with fragrance. How's this for a tip from Mrs. H. D. Houck, Trenton, N. J. "Economy is the reason I use dry packaged mince meat. Rich flavor is the reason I add cool beef bouillon, instead of water, to moisten it." Holiday pies take notice.

A three-dollar first prize; a two-dollar second prize, and one dollar each for all other letters published in this department, is offered every month. Address Dorothy Blake, Editor, *Forty-fourth Street, New York, New York.*

Everybody's eating those grand CHOCOLATE STUDD "GINGIES"



2 MINUTE
RECIPE CUT
OUT

Made with whole
pieces of chocolate and

DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX



Save this recipe: Stir 1/2 cup water into Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Add 7 oz. package semi-sweet chocolate pieces (or cut up 7 oz. bar). Drop by teaspoons on greased pan. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Moderate oven.



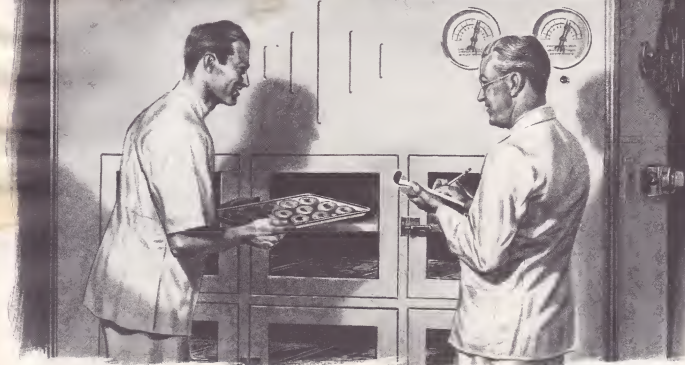
YOU NEVER tasted such Gingerbread! Yet amazing Dromedary Mix actually costs less than mixing at home!

Serve hot, with whipped cream, ice cream, chocolate sauce or fruit. A thrilling dessert!

ENJOY THE WORLD'S
SWIFT PASTORIZED
DAIRY—DROMEDARY



The Hills Brothers Co.,
New York



DONUTS COME OUT OF HIS "TROPIC-BOX" FRESH AS DAISIES!

A cold December wind lashes the windows of the A&P Special Baking Laboratory. But it's hot as a sultry July day inside the insulated "tropic-box" with which this technician is testing sugar-coated donuts. In here, with the temperature 90° and the humidity 85°, he places sample donuts for 24 hours at a stretch. He does this to see whether they will become stale and soggy or remain fresh and light under any conditions a housewife might possibly encounter.

When he takes the donuts out of the "tropic-box", he subjects them to one test after another. He places them in jars filled with the finest millet seeds to determine their exact volume... he weighs them on scales so sensitive that a few crumbs would make the needle quiver. He has them

tasted by experts to learn if they've retained their flavor. In order to meet the high standards set, these donuts must *prove* by all these exacting tests that they've absorbed no moisture, have remained fresh as a daisy!

It may seem like a waste of time to conduct these tests when less than 24 hours elapse between the time the donuts are fried and the time you buy them. But we do it just to make *sure* the donuts will keep tender, delicious and light in your home. No wonder fresh-dated Jane Parker Donuts are so popular that people buy more than 2,000,000 of them daily!

This strict attention to every detail of quality illustrates the care with which all A&P-made foods are prepared. For example, Ann Page Salad Dressing contains

more of the expensive ingredients, egg yolk and oil, so the flavor will be richer and the texture delightfully smooth. Or take A&P Coffee—each batch must pass two taste-tests even before it leaves South America, and five more in our roasting plants in the U. S. A. Nothing is too much trouble to assure the goodness of foods made by A&P!

Although we go to such lengths to perfect A&P-made foods, they are amazingly economical. Because they are made and sold by one company, no middle expenses or in-between profits need figure into the price at which they are sold. As a result, A&P, the world's greatest retail grocer has become also one of the foremost manufacturers of nationally known foods. They are today's outstanding food values.

WHITE HOUSE EVAPORATED MILK

A & P BREAD AND ROLLS
Many Varieties

JANE PARKER Cakes and Donuts

A & P COFFEES
Eight O'Clock Red Circle
Bokar Condor

A & P TEAS
Our Own Nectar Mayfair

ANN PAGE FOODS

Preserves Jellies Salad Dressing
Sandwich Spread
Sparkle Gelatin Desserts and
Puddings
Sparkle Ice Cream Desserts
Peanut Butter
Macaroni Spaghetti Noodles
Prepared Spaghetti Ketchup
Chili Sauce Beans with Pork
French Dressing Spices
Sparkle Lemon Pie Filling

ANN PAGE FOODS

Extracts Baking Powder
Grape Jam
Mello-Wheat Breakfast Cereal
Marmalade Mustard
Plain Gelatin Olives Olive Oil
Tapioca (Quick Cooking & Pearl)
Cream of Tartar Honey
Syrup Vinegar

A & P SALMON
Cold Stream (Pink)
Sunny Brook (Red)



Here is Our Inheritance

by ROBERT NATHAN

Somewhere between the world of childhood and the grown-up world there is a line, unseen but certain as noon, which divides them one from the other. There, at the ghostly meridian, the little sun of day swings over, and from being ahead, finds itself behind, and the light shines not on tomorrow but on yesterday. To the child, the greatest joys lie forever ahead; in winter, he thinks of spring, he dreams of the new green grass, the first robin, the earliest bud; in summer he plans his parties for the fall, among the golden leaves. His dreams are all of the future—of life at the ripe, good age of twelve, of the harvest years between eighteen and twenty, of the twilight at thirty. Death is too far away even to imagine, as far away as yesterday.

He never questions what he has, or wonders at what he finds in the world ready to his hand. He takes it all for granted, song, food and shelter; it seems only proper that he should be able to talk to other children, have warmth and light, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July. These things are there, it does not matter where they come from, probably they have always been there, like the air or the ocean. The sun shines for him

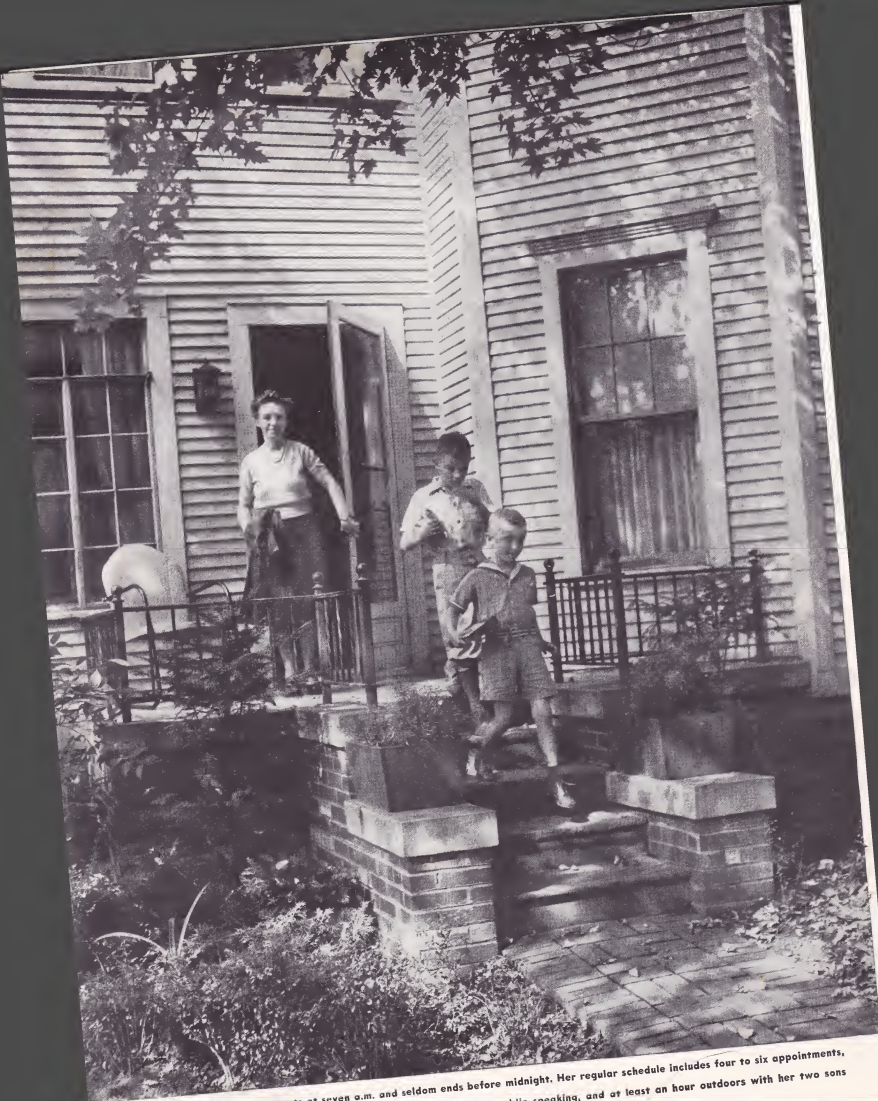
on tomorrow, and on tomorrow's gifts and promises, they will comfort him if he needs comfort, he looks forward, he does not try to remember.

Yet no one tells him what tomorrow will be like. In school he studies the lessons of yesterday, he reads of voyages and discoveries, he memorizes the battles of history. And his heart, brimming over with morning tells him to reject them, because they are of no use to him. It is not until he is older that he turns back to those lessons again.

We who are no longer children turn back to them because they speak to us of our inheritance. Here, in this history is our estate, this is our property on earth, this sum of years and wonders, all that man has learned, his wisdom and his greatness. It is not all of it good, it is not all worth having, there is much pain and evil in it. But it is already a great treasure, a property of incalculable richness, a great inheritance. Perhaps we shall never know how great until we have lost it.

We do not think that we shall ever lose it altogether, yet the armies of the conquerors sweep across the world one after another with bugles and banners, and we see our treasure wasted, [Continued on Page 50]





Mayor Whipple's day starts at seven a.m. and seldom ends before midnight. Her regular schedule includes four to six appointments, fifteen to forty phone calls, one or two speeches, a class in public speaking, and at least an hour outdoors with her two sons

MICHIGAN'S LADY MAYOR

by Margaret Case Harriman

The conductor on the "Detroit" out of New York and bound for Michigan, looked at my tickets and said, "Going to Plymouth, eh? You ought to look up a couple of cousins I got there. Bob Jolliffe, he's a city commissioner. And Ed Wilson, used to be mayor." He handed the tickets back to me and chuckled. "They got a woman mayor up there now, Ruth Whipple. She's quite a gal!"

The conductor's name is Harry Newkirk, and his last remark turns out to be an understatement when you meet Ruth Huston Whipple, mayor of Plymouth, Michigan (pop. 6,000), and are swept into the fever of her daily routine. She is a tiny, voluble woman with an enchanting smile which makes her look suddenly pretty, and Plymouth revolves around her only slightly less than she revolves within it. Wearing a crisp outfit in one of her favorite colors, pink, brown or beige, she whirls along the streets of the town as light and as busy as one of the autumn leaves blown from its own fine trees. Whether she travels on foot, at a half trot or in her De Soto sedan, which she drives at sixty miles an hour, she is always late for every appointment, partly because her passage through town is accompanied by a good deal of waving and exchange of greetings with fellow-townspople who have known her ever since she was born in Plymouth, forty-five years ago. They call her Ruth, and their manner to her is sometimes indulgent, but they will tell any stranger that everybody in town, including a few former political foes of Mayor Whipple's, admires and respects her as the best mayor Plymouth ever had.

That doesn't mean that they always vote for her. Plymouth people have their own notions, and sometimes do not take kindly to innovations or opposition, and as one good friend of Mayor Whipple's has expressed it thoughtfully, "Ruth could be termed bullheaded." Mrs. Whipple answers this charge agreeably. "It's a good thing I *am* bullheaded," she says, turning on a dimple and beaming through her glasses. "The trouble with most people who run for public office is that they get discouraged after three or four defeats and give up. I just keep on trying. Why, I was defeated five times for practically everything before I finally got elected to something."

Plymouth was a village until 1932, when it was incorporated as a city, skipping entirely the experience of being a town. Its people and its officials speak of it carefully and rather fiercely as "the city," but to a stranger coming there it seems like a town, friendly, independent and secure. Ruth Huston Whipple has taken part in Plymouth's public doings ever since she was nine, when she established the custom of personally reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg address every year at the Fourth of July festivities in City Hall. Her father, E. O. Huston, who is still active as a substantial citizen of Plymouth, owner of its largest hardware store and president of its bank, says that nothing Ruth does will ever astonish him. She came out for woman's suffrage when she was still in the eighth grade at Plymouth High School, and when a boy named Henry Baker was elected president of the class in spite of her violent campaigning for a feminine candidate, she accused him in a ringing speech of chicanery in getting votes. Henry replied by loftily writing in her memory book. "My sympathy goes out to you, for you [Continued on Page 44]



Plymouth, Michigan's Lady Mayor, Ruth Huston Whipple, at her desk where she makes plans for paving, recreation programs and lilacs



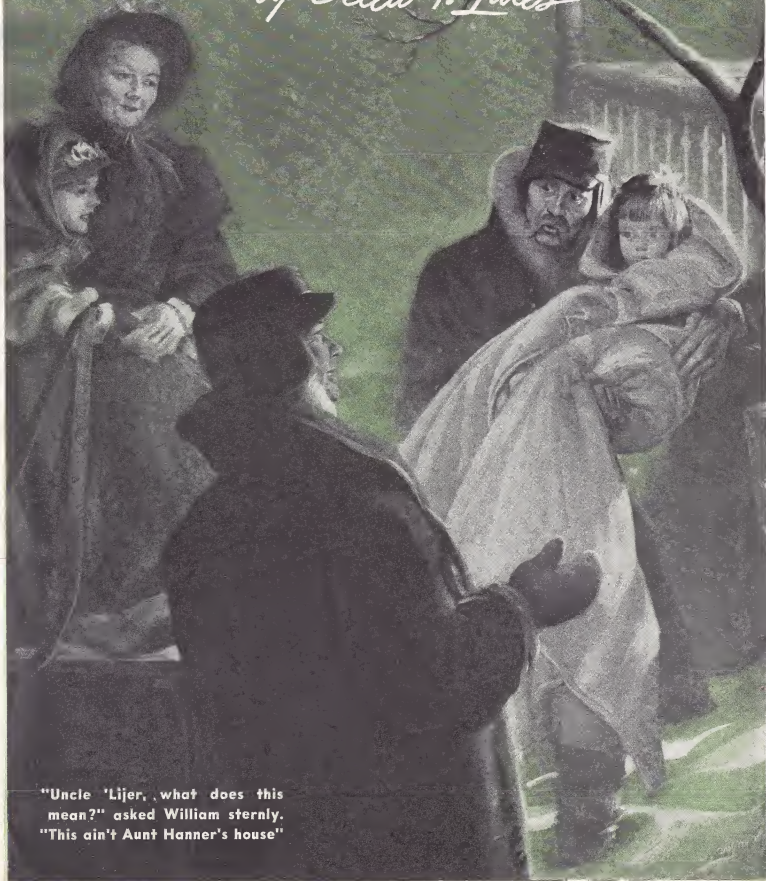
Mrs. Froelich does all the cooking, but the mayor herself can always find time to set the table, whip up the salad and serve the dinner



In the evening they like to gather around the piano. Mother plays, Dad sings, and the boys make merry with traps and horn

COUSIN WILLIAM FINDS HIS FOLKS

by Della T. Lutes



"Uncle 'Lijer, what does this mean?" asked William sternly.
"This ain't Aunt Hanner's house"



My father groaned and grumbled through the fall days of November. His attack of lumbago was aggravated by cold, damp and occasionally rainy days. Unaccustomed to idleness, even though enforced, he chafed at the bit, so to speak, and occasionally pawed the ground.

"All tarnation nonsense," he growled, as Dr. Babcock, unauthoritatively advised by Aunt Hanner to see him, insisted on applied heat (by way of soapstones, red flannels, hot drinks and mustard plasters) and rest. Definitely, rest. And "rest" was something to which my father's vigorous spirit was decidedly opposed.

"Fuss and feathers!" he grumbled to Dr. Babcock and about him. "Nough to make a well man puke. Throw these danged hog washes" (referring to camomile and bonset teas) "in the swill and give me a good boiled dinner and I'll get out."

But when the boiled dinner was set before him his spirit flagged and all through the golden days of husking and the rainy days of approaching winter, he hugged the old chunk stove in the sitting room and grew more taciturn and still.

Cousin William, that ostracized and unwelcome offshoot of the Thompson family who had dropped unheralded, and if the truth were told, unwanted, into that area of Southern Michigan largely inhabited by the Thompson clan, a year or so before, had unexpectedly come to the front at the time of our emergency,

and taken hold of our needs when crops must be harvested or spoil.

His Thompson blood, dubiously infiltrated as it seemed with a less thrifty and orderly strain, was, it turned out, as rich with family pride as that of his more reputable relations, and would brook no condescension, nor would he accept payment for his services or favors to himself or family. He simply came to, as he said, "take a-holt" in a time of need as any blood kin should do. Both my father and mother were deeply touched by his retaliatory forbearance and the entirely selfless manner in which it had been offered. This they, in their diffident way tried to show, but made small headway with William.

My mother tried to persuade him to bring his wife Angie, and his little daughter Ginny, out from town where they now lived, to spend Thanksgiving Day, but William shook his head. He looked very gray and tired, and to that was added a worried and anxious look that was new.

My father was much better now and helping Cousin William with the belated fall work. And every night when William went home he found a bag of apples, potatoes, or other vegetables in the wagon. They had butchered, too, and my father insisted that Cousin William take home some fresh pork. William protested violently. He said he hadn't come for no pay. He said, matter of fact, he wa'n't able to do hard work and hadn't put in a good solid man's day sence he'd been there:

He said David H. when he was sober could dig a root hole and put him in it while he was fetchin' up a couple of cabbages. My father said all well and good, but David H. wasn't sober more'n half the time and he noticed the root hole was dug and William still on top.

William didn't want to take the things but my father asked him sternly if he wanted to put him under obligation. So William did, and looked pleased. But he said, No, thanky, they wouldn't come out to Thanksgiving. He said, to tell the truth, Ginny wasn't very well.

My mother wanted to know what was the matter with Ginny. He said they didn't know. He said she'd been aillin' all the fall.

My mother sent a loaf of fresh bread, some new butter and a big pail of milk. She told him it was for Ginny and he hadn't a right to say a word about it. He looked awfully sad, but he took the things and my mother said after he was gone, "You needn't tell me. That child ain't had enough to eat. And he knows it."

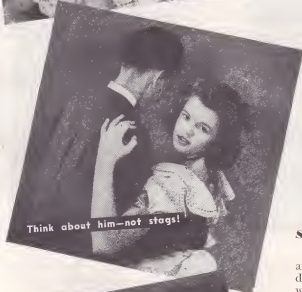
Time went on and one day early in December (it was on Friday), Cousin William did not appear until after noon. Aunt Hanner and Aunt Sophrony arrived just before dinner to stay over Sunday.

Aunt Hanner made pessimistic remarks and said prob'ly William had played to a dance the night [Continued on Page 51]

The Thompson tribe celebrate the holidays in true Christmas spirit by accepting Cousin William as a full-fledged member of the clan

How are you going to snag this Man?

THE SCHOOL BUS by SUSAN BENNETT HOLMES



We know just what you're doing—sitting on the edge of your bed thinking over last night's dance, now a vague, saxophony blur. All you can remember about it is meeting Dick and the way his hair crinkles back off his forehead. If only he'd cut in again! Jeepers! You can't bewitch and bewilder somebody like that in one turn around a gym! Still, he was awfully cute to you and he liked your pet song best too. You slide happily down a dream about how wonderful it would be if . . . but you hit bottom with the bang that no one like you could ever land anyone as super as that. How are you even going to see him again ever? Life, you reflect bitterly, is certainly sold in the Boys' Department and not the Junior Misses'. If a boy wants to snag a girl, all he has to do is go after her. But what can a girl do? And right here you feel pretty desperate about the whole situation because you've just got to get him!

Don't give up. A girl can do just as much as a boy. The difference is yours has to be an undercover job. So get out your dark glasses and kid gloves.

Stick To Being You

Your first impulse is to shove your hair up into a pompadour and rush out for purple lipstick, so you'll be glamorous and different. Sit on this desire now and stick to your type. Otherwise you'll be different all right—some people might even call it odd. Don't like to be conspicuous, so don't make him so by being the object of gasps and gags. And besides, did you ever stop to think that those natural curls jammed into your hair by the iron clothespin jobs you sleep on every night give you a soft, kitteny look that's adorable? If you must turn this burning yen into some kind of action, put the hose on your clothes. Line up everything you have so you can spring it on our unsuspecting hero!

How Are You Going To See Him Again?

There are two methods of attack on this. You can rush madly around the town, praying some to Chance and mostly to Snooping that you'll run into him, or you can fix it so you sit right in your own home and he comes. We're not in back of the first method. It's too uncertain. Also it's very exhausting! (We know what you're going to say about the second: girls can't pick up the telephone and ask boys for dates. No, but they can ask them for hot dogs and spaghetti!) About the second, you take your mother in on your campaign and see if she won't let you have seven or eight kids in one evening. Make it soon, because you've lots to do to this guy and had better get started. And the seven or eight will of course include Dick.

When he gets there, and this is going to be hard, ignore him. Don't single him out and chin yourself on his every grin and word. He is just one of your guests and gets the same amount of attention and no more. But while you're giving him that dose, find out what he's interested in and what he does, particularly what he's doing during vacation. Watch your cues: if he's going skating Saturday, coincidence, coincidence, so are you. You always skate Saturdays. (If you don't get this in now, you're going to look a little pointed when you show up at the rink Saturday.) If on the other hand he says he loves skiing but he doesn't know where around here to do it, you jump forward and say there's a hill you know of and next time you're going you'll give him a ring. If he's a real enthusiast he'll take you right up on it. Then fade. You've gotten in one good kick and that's all for today.

Bone Up On The Things He Likes To Do

He loves to dance and so do you, but maybe you could be better. Waltz yourself around the room to music in your spare moments. He goes in for lacrosse. You never heard of the game except by name. Pin Dad down with some matches and ash trays for players and make him explain it to you. If he's going to talk planes all evening, you better correct that idea you had about Aileron being a character in Shakespeare. (It's Ariel in case it should come up.) You've got to be intelligent and sympathetic.

Boys Like To Be Masterful

Next time you catch up with him study what he's doing. Then get him to show you an angle of whatever it is, a new step, a trick shot or a card trick. It gives boys a great feeling of look-at-me-ness to be able to explain something to a feeblar mind (that's you!) He'll love to have the upper hand, so you make him take it. Furthermore, this often leads into your becoming the end man for him. When he holds out the pack for "someone" to pick the five of hearts from, he means you because you're in on it. But remember that he wants to play too, and not spend all night teaching you, so do your practicing alone. Besides, then you have an excuse to come back later—to see if he thinks you've got it now.

Don't Knit Him A Sweater

At least not yet. Everyone we know has lost one good man that way. He ought to be pleased and touched to have you pulling things across his shoulders and groaning over the number of stitches it'll take to cover anything so broad, but actually it makes him feel tied to your apron strings. If, once in a while, he wants to just go out with the boys or even take another girl, if only to see how nice you are, he feels he shouldn't. The picture of you sitting sweetly at home, patiently knitting and purling away a Saturday night, weighs on his conscience and makes him feel guilty. And he'll want to free himself.

What Are You Going To Say?

What bothers you here is not really conversation but small talk. You want something that'll make an impression fast. Something silly and gay. Before we go into a little tongue routine we'd better toss off a few don'ts. Don't say something and then peer at him earnestly for an answer. In fact, for small chatter, it's better not to say anything that absolutely demands an answer. Don't try to kill him with the story about Uncle Eustace and the man next door. Not knowing Uncle and that the man next door is deaf etc. etc. etc., he can't die over it. Don't try to make sense, you're funnier if you don't. A laugh makes the quickest imprint on anybody's mind.

Suppose he opens up with a bright "Hello, Stuff!" Anything is better than "Oh! Hello!" even though your heart is turning over inside. So you can say casual-like, "Hey! Hi!" Then he'll come in with something like "How're you coming?" "Fine," you enthuse. "They're letting me sit up a little longer each day!" Or, "Slowly," shaking the head gloomily, "but very slowly." If he looks at you as if maybe you had been sick, you enlarge. "It wasn't so bad about all my teeth, 'cause you buy more, but when your hair molts a girl has cause for worry. Where's she going to put the curlers?" What if he asks a leading question? "Where were you when we went down the hill on sleds, so we could climb up again last night?" You must never admit you weren't invited or didn't know about it. Nor can you say, "I wasn't there." He knows that. "I stayed home—for defense," you smile patiently. "Self defense!"

There always comes a pause which feels heavy. Don't talk all the time, but remember that boys are often worried about talking too, so it's up to you to make him easy. In this case, anything goes—true or false. "Mother left the gas on," you begin, "and the cat got a laughing jag!" He will explain this to you too. "That's silly! Why would regular gas make it do that?" Stick to your guns. "I don't know, our cat laughed!" You're off—you can keep this up all evening!

So You Get A Date

Having confidence in you—and in us we might add—we assume you've put all this over and have snared him into asking for a date. Brace yourself. No matter how perfect this man is, he's going to exhibit some screwy [Continued on Page 56]



DANNY

BY PHYLLIS ROWAND

Nobody noticed Danny when his brother and sister came home. So he startled the family by telling a whopper that brought him more attention than he had bargained for

The house was nice and warm and quiet, and Danny felt very contented there in the living room with Father. The only sounds were airdale Dingo whimpering in his sleep and Mother moving around in the kitchen getting things ready for Thanksgiving. Father was in his special deep chair by the window, reading the second part of the morning paper and Danny was on all fours on the floor looking at the pictures in the first part of the paper. Dingo had stretched himself across the doorway, half of him on the red linoleum of the kitchen and half on the fuzzy carpet of the living room, so that he would surely not miss out on anything that happened. Once in a while Danny could hear a car going by in the road and the crunch, crunch of the chains in the snow made him feel extra warm and contented and glad to be at home.

Mother came and stood in the doorway. She had a big yellow bowl in her hand, and she was stirring something in it that made a thick creamy sound against the side of the bowl.

"It's almost 11:30," she said. "I think it's about time you went to the station. Their train is due in less than an hour." She was pretending to be calm and business-like, but Danny could feel the excitement in her voice.

"Oh, there's lots of time," said Father, and he turned over to another page. But he wasn't really reading now, he was just glancing at the lines in big print. Then Father dropped his newspaper to the floor and stood up.

"That's dumb," thought Danny, watching him go to the closet at the foot of the stairs and take out his coat. "It takes only about fifteen minutes to get to the station even if you get stuck on all the red lights. You'd think the King of Siam was coming—instead of just Nance and Rick."

Father stepped over Dingo and went into the kitchen, and in a few minutes Danny followed him.

"Can I go?" he asked.

Father was leaning against the cupboard picking all the pecans out of a bowl of mixed nuts and raisins and seemed too deep in thought to hear him. Finally Mother turned around from the sink.

"I'm afraid there won't be room enough," she said, smiling at him. "There

will be Nancy and Rick and suitcases and Grandmother. Why don't you go out and play? Work up an appetite for this big dinner."

Danny went to the cellarway and pulled his leather jacket from the hook. He didn't really want to go out and play, but it was easier to do that than to say no. Dingo stayed asleep with one eye open until the very last minute—until they were absolutely ready—then they all went out the back door toward the long driveway together. It was still snowing.

"Follow me, Dad!" Danny shouted. He ran ahead, scuffing his feet to make a path, because he had on high boots and Father only had rubbers. The snow beating in his face made him feel adventurous and strong, and he was happy because it wasn't often that he got a chance to help Father out.

When he reached the barn he turned around. His father was way behind, a vague blur on the blinding white snow. And he was not walking in the path Danny had made—he was to the right of it, stepping high to keep the snow out of his shoes.

When he came close Danny looked up at his face—and sure enough—he was wearing that absent-minded expression again. That meant that Father honestly did not know that Danny had made a path for him. So many times he did not know what was going on under his very nose! Whenever he wanted to think he just shut out everyone and everything around him. If you talked to him when he was in one of those faraway moods he would nod or smile, but you could tell by his eyes that he had not heard a word of what you were saying. Sometimes he answered—but his answers didn't make much sense. Or other times he didn't answer until hours later, and by that time the other one had forgotten what it was all about. Even though he knew that Father didn't do these things on purpose, often Danny could not help feeling disappointed and lonesome and sometimes a little hurt.

Father fished around in his pants' pockets and jacket pockets and coat pockets until he found his keys. He unlocked the lock and together they pushed back the barn doors, which were extra heavy because the snow had banked against them.

"We'll ride out to the road with you," said Danny.

Dingo jumped over the front seat of the car and into the back, and Danny got in beside Father. All the time Father was putting on his gloves and pulling his coat collar around his ears and choking the car and warming up the engine, Danny was trying desperately hard to think of something to say that would be important enough to attract his father's attention. He went over in his mind everything that had happened during the past few days—school, playing with Jimmy and Roger, Assembly, the book he was reading. But there was nothing he could think of that would be interesting enough to make his father listen to him.

So all the way down the long driveway neither of them said a word. When they reached the road Danny murmured see you later and Father murmured see you later and Danny and Dingo got out of the car again.

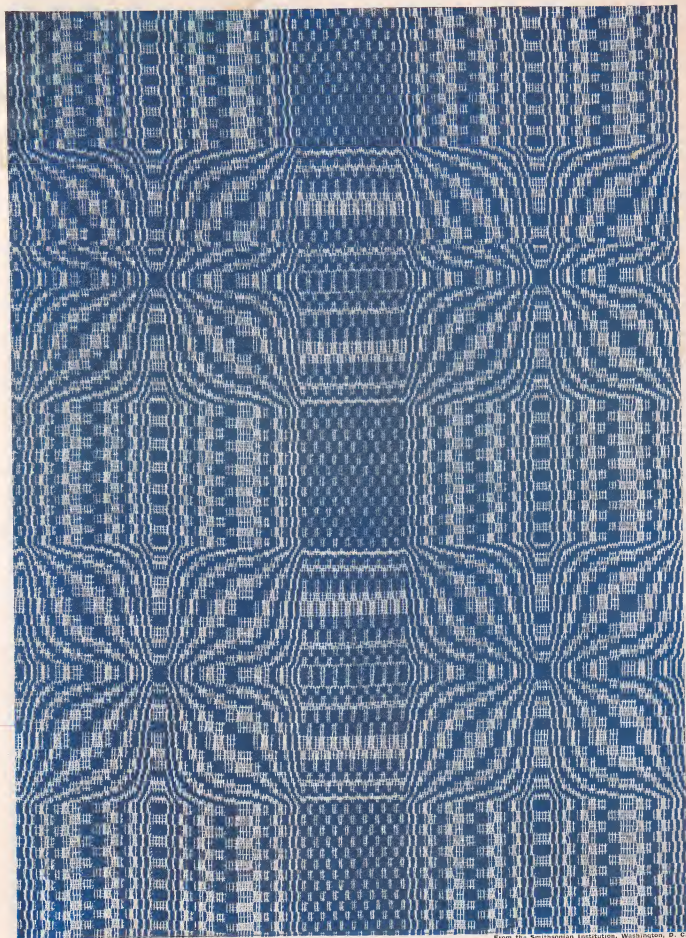
They stood there without moving for a few minutes wondering now what? If there is snow you build a fort or a snowman or a Fox and Goose circle or a King of the Mountain mountain or make snowballs or snow ice cream. But Danny didn't really want to do any of these and neither did Dingo. They didn't know what they wanted to do. So they just wandered around with their heads down, thinking.

Nancy and Rick were pretty lucky. They were fourteen years old and Danny was only eleven. They lived at a big school and always had somebody to play with. Whenever they came home for a visit during the holidays they told all about what a wonderful time they had—about baseball and basketball and football games, and plays and parties and making things in the workshop. So many things that every minute they were home there was something new to tell about, and no one else got much of a chance to talk.

And that was the reason why Danny had wanted to go to the station to meet them. He hoped that before they got wound up he would be able to tell Rick about his own team and about the swell red and blue sweaters they were going to have, and a million other important things that had [Continued on Page 47]



Danny's heart sank. He had gotten himself into such an awful mess and now he didn't know how to get out of it



From the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

BEDSPREAD. This early American coverlet in the Double Bow-knot or Maple Leaf pattern was woven in Jackson County, Ohio, about 1867. It is a well-known colonial design and an outstanding example of the beauty and utility created by the weavers of that time



This is *Weaving*

THE NINTH ARTICLE IN OUR AMERICAN NEEDLEWORK SERIES

Weaving will always have a special meaning for American women, because Colonial women, quietly weaving, made with their flashing shuttles America's first declaration of freedom.

For a time as long as the history of this Republic today, they had been living obediently under the control of Parliament and King. They were wisely and justly governed. From the continent of Europe, ruled by tyrannies, the Europeans looked with envy and longing at England's good government. When King George the Third, to balance agriculture and industry and shipping, decided that his American subjects must raise wool and flax but only his English subjects might weave them, he was acting as all good Europeans believed that the best of monarchs should act.

But American women had learned from lives of hardship that God endows every human being with self-reliance.

The flax on their spinning wheels had cost them a year's work, from seed to sun-bleached thread. The wool had cost a year of tending sheep, shearing and carding and spinning, their fingernails were indigo blue from weeks of toiling over dye pots. Their husbands and their children needed clothing, their homemade looms stood crowded between the cooking fire in the chimney place and the beds still bare of coverlets. It was a long way to the looms of England.

They warped the thread and beamed the warp and threaded it through the heddles and the reed, they wound the weft on the shuttles. At last they sat

down, their feet on the treadles. Then in the village street and by the cabin in the clearing, the passer-by heard the thump-thud, thump-thud of the busy looms, and they said to him, "Americans are free."

Already these women were weaving American patterns. In Europe the patterns were large, subtly shaded in meekly blending colors. In America, as if already they knew that individuals, not the State, create the patterns of human life, women broke those large old patterns into bits.

They set each small square and cross apart, by itself, independent on a background of white. Indigo blue, rose-madder red, brown from the walnut hull and yellow from the peach leaf, each color stood alone and clear and solid, and all together they sang from the woven cloth as colors had never sung before.

Beauty, they sang, is not in submission but in freedom. Strength is not in obedience, but in self-reliance. The whole is greater than the parts, only when each part is great enough to stand alone.

Many books say that fifty years later Americans were so rich in machine-woven cloth that the hand looms were silenced. This is not true. There has never been a day that American women somewhere in this vast land were not weaving America's story in American patterns.

Listen to their names: Braddock's Defeat, Washington's Victory, Soldier's Return, The Bride's Table, Log Cabin, Rose in the Wilderness, Mother's Delight, Indian War, Indian Camp, Snow

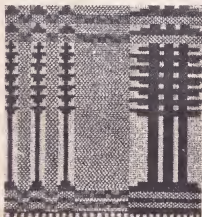
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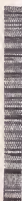
DOORS AND WINDOWS. From the Mary Sheppard coverlet which is in the Smithsonian Institution



WINDING VINE. Here is an old Southern pattern which has small rose-like motifs between its graceful trailing lines



PINE TREE. This popular old design, from the border of a coverlet, is California's interpretation of the Pine Tree pattern



Ind

WEAVING ON A *Weave-it*

PILLOW COVER. In soft blue with white cross bars and dark blue corner squares, this design was taken from the old Cross of Tennessee. Wool for the front and back of a 14-inch size pillow, \$1.25



FOOTSTOOL TOP. Small squares of walnut brown, beige and cream are joined in a modern interpretation of an old design. Top, 11 by 16 inches, 75 cents



BABY BLANKET. From a checked cloth woven in Ohio many years ago, we adapted this dainty blanket in white, pale pink and deep rose. Yarn for 32 by 40 inch size, \$1.80

Trouble, Confederate Flag, Lee's Surrender, Winding Trail, Flowery Plains, Rocky Mountain Cucumber.

There it is, a century, the first century of freedom, woven into patterns by thousands of unknown women.

Today a great revival of hand weaving is occurring in America. But how many women have space in their homes for the big loom? The one-room cabin is gone, with its crane and spit and kettles in the sooty fireplace, the cord beds pegged to the wall and billowy with wild-goose feathers, the brush broom and the sanded punchcons and the great loom made of hickory logs are not here any more.

They are gone forever from America, because Americans are free to create what they want to have. This is the American fact, not yet fully true anywhere else.

So today we have the most marvelously intricate power looms, making thousands of yards of fabrics with incredible speed. We have the old floor looms, vastly improved, today being used by more and more individuals and groups. We have table looms, that any man can make and any woman can use more easily than a portable sewing machine. And we have the Weave-It, so small that it goes in a handbag.

Weaving is the same on all of these. Weaving is nothing but running a thread back and forth, under and over other threads held straight in a row. Look at your handkerchief, and you see the only way of weaving. This was weaving before history began, it is weaving now and always will be. This one simple way has woven all the yards of cloth in all history, from burlap to brocaded velvets and chiffons. [Continued on Page 22]



KNITTING BAG. The vertical striping in this bag was suggested by the panels in the Governor's Garden shown on page 19. Woven in rust and tan yarn, 13½ by 10½ inch size costs 80 cents

TABLE RUNNER. An old Southern pattern was the inspiration for this table mat of 1½-inch squares of Delft blue with border in sky blue. Cotton for 15 by 27 inch size costs 50 cents

two pages, turn to page 24

WOMAN'S DAY



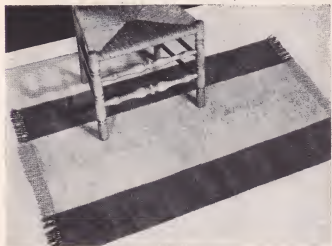
Photographed by Emilee Danielson at R. H. Macy

AFGHAN. Adapted from the famous old Doors and Windows design on page 19, this afghan is woven of $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares of deep blue with contrasting blocks of red and white, and a border of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares. Wool for 54 by 81 inch size costs \$5
(Continued on following pages)

WEAVING ON A *Table Loom*

Every woman who has darned a stocking has done weaving.

If you do not yet know the deep satisfaction and endless fascination of weaving, buy a Weave-It for 50 cents in any department or needlework store. You have in the house odds and ends of yarn and crochet cottons, useless, but worth quite a bit of money. Sort out the lovely colors, wind them on the Weave-It as they seem to want to go. That is the warp. Thread the long needle, that thread is the weft. In one minute you will be enthralled. In five minutes you have a woven $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch square. Anything can be done with these squares. Simply over-cast them together. Of woolen yarns they make blankets, mufflers, vests. Of crochet cottons they make marvelous luncheon sets and table runners. Of grocery twine they make pot holders, hotplate mats, coasters.



RAG RUG. We wove this rug from an old double sheet, torn in narrow strips and dyed Nile and bottle green. With its warp and knotted fringe, the 32 by 49 inch size costs about \$1.25 to make



BRIDGE SET. Woven of cotton, this teal blue and white plaid cloth is copied from an old Shaker handkerchief. With four white napkins bordered in blue, set costs \$1.75

COTTAGE CURTAINS. Adapted from a checked kerchief woven in Zoar, Ohio, these modern blue and white striped curtains have a plaid border. A pair, 20 by 36 inches, costs \$1.50

The Mary Sheppard coverlet is one of the most famous treasures in the Smithsonian collection in Washington. On page 21 you see it adapted into a modern afghan, in deep blue, bright red and white. We made it on a Weave-It.

We adapted the pattern, Cross of Tennessee, and made the pillow at the top of page 20, and the table runner below it. From the old Colonial pattern, Governor's Garden, with our small Weave-It we made the knitting bag (page 20). The footstool cover copies the stripe from Queen's Delight, shown on the pillow on page 24. And what do you think of the downy-soft baby's blanket on page 20? It is a three-toned plaid.

When the family and neighbors see what you've done with a few scraps of yarn or string, they can hardly believe their eyes. You can hardly believe it yourself. There are endless combinations of these woven squares, for afghans and bedspreads and rugs. And why not have hand-woven draperies to match?

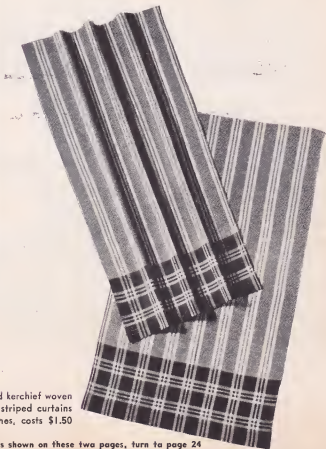
You could make them on a Weave-It, but by this time you want a table loom, and it is faster. You can buy one for 50 cents to a dollar, or as much as \$15, or you can make one. It is an oblong frame, like a box without top or bottom, and with it you use a shuttle and two bars, called "pick-up sticks." After the warp is strung, these bars lie crosswise on it. One bar is tied with loops to every odd-numbered thread of warp, the other is tied to the alternate threads.

Now lift up a bar, it lifts all its warp threads. You fling the shuttle across, under them. Lift up the other bar, and it lifts all the other threads, under them you flash the shuttle back. No more dipping under and over every single thread, the shuttle flies straight between all the parted threads of warp in less than one second.

For warp you use carpet warp, crochet cotton or string. For weft you can use almost anything—wool, cotton, linen, silk stockings cut narrowly round and round, old sheets torn fine, old rayon dresses, even raffia. Until you see it, you will not believe what a beautiful fabric those old sheets will make.

An hour a day for ten days will weave five yards of cloth as fine as kitchen toweling, coarser weft weaves up faster. If you buy all new thread, the cost is still much less than the price of similar goods bought in a store. And your work is unique and handmade.

A Shaker handkerchief inspired our soft-blue bridge cover on this page. We put some heavy [Continued on Page 24]



Furniture Designed by Xavier Guerrero; photographed at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, N. Y.

LUNCHEON SET. These four place mats with their fringed ends are woven of a heavy white cotton with navy blue and red single lines run through them. Two red and two blue napkins complete the set of eight pieces which you can weave quickly and easily for an approximate cost of \$1.75



PURSE AND CIGARETTE CASE. These two small Scotch plaid articles are suggested for the beginner in weaving, a case to fit a package of cigarettes and a matching cosmetic purse 3 by 5 inches. Use left-over wools for this set

DRAPERIES. The old Pine Tree pattern on page 19 suggested the design for these living-room draperies woven in brown, chamois yellow and dark green cotton. The cost of weaving a pair 2½ yards long and 20 inches wide is about \$3

The price of many materials is rising. As we go to press, the costs given in this article are our best estimate.

(Continued on following pages)

BENCH COVER. A charming old pattern, the Rose Path, inspired this adaptation. In blue and white cotton, 17 by 22 inch top, \$2.00



We have prepared a booklet of instructions for weaving all the articles shown on pages 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24. If you wish the instructions, enclose a 3-cent stamp with your request to the Needlework Editor, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

and any width narrower. It is an investment for an time, it will pay for itself many times over. But it does cost anywhere from \$20 to more than \$50. Though many floor looms are as large as a spinet piano, some modern ones are as small and easy to work as a sewing machine.

The table loom will stay in a closet and work on a card table. Many women are weaving now on their table looms. And at this minute, on trains and planes and in crowded subways and in waiting motor cars, innumerable women are happily weaving on their Weave-Its that will pop into their handbags. They are all weavers, they are all working in the great traditional art of American hand weaving.



SCATTER RUG. The wheels and wavy border lines of the design are from the old Wheel of Fortune pattern. Navy and white cotton for weaving the 2 by 3 foot size costs \$2.90



Photographed at R. H. Macy by Emelio Dahlgren

COVERLET. An early American bedspread from the collection of M. Cornelia Stone, Colonial Coverlet Guild, Illinois. This lovely old pattern is woven in the well-known Velvet Rose, sometimes called the Wreath Rose design

YOUR HUSBAND'S MUSICAL TASTE

by
SIGMUND SPAETH

Of course your husband's musical taste is simply terrific. He is probably a good-looking brute, entirely devoid of artistic or cultural yearnings. He likes to sit around with a smelly pipe in his mouth and to play poker once a week with the boys.

He reads the sport pages and listens to comedians on the radio and when he goes to a Rotary or Kiwanis luncheon he sings barber-shop harmony and words like "One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back" or "Where will we all be in a hundred years from now?" He never discusses Debussy or Bach. All he is good for is to earn the money that gives you leisure for your club work and a little conversational bridge with the girls and the necessary clothes not to be a sight and maybe something for your pet charity.

It's a pity man has always been so low-down in his tastes. It goes back as far as the Stone Age, when the picture that was scrawled upon the wall was good enough for him and the swish of a big club was music to his ears. He went out and got food and clothing bare-handed in those days, and he didn't even whistle while he worked.

In the Middle Ages man was still fighting for a living, utterly ignorant of the arts and proud of it. Woman's place was in the home and she became the patroness of beauty and refinement. She bent over

her tapestry, thinking precious thoughts, and making little or no effort to change the habits of her male companion in life. So a tradition was started and today a good many men and women are still trying to live up to it.

The fact of the matter is that your husband is probably not nearly as unsympathetic toward things artistic as you are inclined to picture him to yourself and your friends. He has his likes and his dislikes in books, pictures and music, but he doesn't talk much about them. If he mentions the subject at all, the first sentence usually begins, "I don't know anything about art, but—"

His great virtue, so far as culture is concerned, is that he is entirely honest. Whatever enthusiasms he has are absolutely sincere. That is a real asset where beauty and truth are concerned. It makes Friend Husband worth some extra effort and the most tactful handling, for if he ever becomes a music-lover or a devotee of any of the other arts, he is a real one and no mistake about it.

Let's examine his musical taste and see how bad it really is. That masculine yen for barber-shop harmony goes back to Elizabethan days, when the English barber shops were actually equipped with lutes and viols for the use of waiting customers. A gentleman was ashamed of himself in those days if he couldn't play

on some instrument or sing a part at sight or by ear. He still takes pride in being able to hit just the right note to complete that terrific swipe in "Sweet Adeline."

What about those songs that they sing around the table at the service club? The one about the grasshopper is to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," certainly a fine old melody, and that mournful inquiry into the future is a vocal version of Chopin's "Funeral March," which men are likely to whistle at a prize fight also, if the going is a little slow.

Your husband almost certainly likes popular songs. Often his acceptance of a popular song is a mere matter of habit, just as he eats rice pudding because it is regularly put in front of him. The radio and the phonograph feed him the tunes of the moment until he grows sick of them. This has nothing whatever to do with permanent musical taste.

But why not analyze these responses? Popular music is folk music of a sort, an urban rather than a rural folk music. Originally the folk tune was written to provide a rhythmic accompaniment to manual labor, in the fields or on the threshing-floor. It made physical activity easier. Many a popular tune of today has a similar purpose. It gives you a rhythmic basis for dancing, for exercise of some sort, perhaps even for your daily dozen. Its appeal is physical, not mental or spiritual. Don't worry about your husband's enjoyment of popular music any more than you would be bothered by his love of golf or a good five-cent cigar.

At that, there may be some reason for the popularity of even the most absurd songs. Nearly every year tosses up one or more of them. Most recently it was the "Hut-Sut Song." Before that there was the "Beer Barrel Polka." Possibly you remember "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" and "The Music goes Round and Round," perhaps even "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Well, the "Hut-Sut Song" has backgrounds of Swedish and American folk



Are you ashamed to admit that a piece of jazz tickles your feet?

Your old man has the courage to say "rubbish" to the classics



His yen for barber-shop harmony is honest and unashamed and he takes pride in being able to hit just the right note to complete that terrific swipe in "Sweet Adeline"

music, and the "Beer Barrel Polka" was originally a Polish folk song. "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" went back to a Hebrew melodic pattern and "The Music goes Round and Round" used the same trick of a monotone opening that you find in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Do you want to know who we are?" and "I am the Captain of the Sea." Incidentally, when your husband and his friends sing "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," they are giving a spirited interpretation of a chorus in "The Pirates of Penzance," and their lusty "He's a jolly good fellow" or "We won't go home until morning" utilizes one of the great tunes of all time, the old French "Malbrouck." As for that awful banana song, who was that fellow who used to point out how it combined Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" with "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls" and several other good pieces of music? (They called him a Tune Detective and he has been working on the musical tastes of quite a lot of husbands in the past twenty years or so.)

If you really want to improve your husband's musical taste, start by admitting that it may not be hopelessly bad after all. Don't make the mistake of telling him that it is terrible, and above all, don't tell him that he *ought* to like Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. People don't do things because they ought to but because they want to.

Remember that he is fundamentally honest in his reactions to music. Are you sure that you can say the same for yourself? Are you just a bit ashamed to admit that a silly piece of jazz tickles your feet and makes you feel a little more cheer-

ful as you tackle the housework? Have you ever caught yourself pretending to like a musical classic just because the high-toned Mrs. Jones said it was wonderful, and you lacked the courage to say "Rubbish" the way Old Man Meat-Ticket would have done?

Straighten out your own musical preferences and sincere enthusiasms and then check up on the differences of opinion between your husband and yourself. Basically his musical instincts are probably the same as yours. It is chiefly a question of what he has been exposed to, and how.

Accept without question the fact that he automatically responds to rhythm. Everybody does that by nature. It is the first musical reaction of the child or the savage or the untrained adult. The rhythmic appeal of a popular tune can be duplicated on a permanent scale in plenty of good music, including some of the best folk material. There is nothing wrong with "Turkey in the Straw" or "The Arkansas Traveler" or "The Irish Washerwoman" and the same rhythmic kick can be found in Haydn's "Gypsy Rondo" or the Finale of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

The second and perhaps most important factor in music is melody, and here again all of our reactions are fairly consistent. Everybody likes to recognize a tune and in many cases familiarity alone creates enjoyment. If a melody can stand repeated hearings indefinitely, there can be little question of its greatness. By that test most popular tunes are failures.

But the world has not yet tired of the

melodies of Stephen Foster which were merely the popular songs of their day, and Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," the Brahms' "Lullaby," Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus," Schumann's "Trau-merei" and countless other classics continue to build up their records of all-time popularity.

Your husband is already responsive to Tchaikowsky by way of "Our Love" (Romeo and Juliet), "Moon Love" (the Fifth Symphony), "On the Isle of May" (String Quarter) and "These are the Things I Love" (Romance). He may unconsciously have discovered Ravel in "The Lamp is Low" (Pavane), Debussy in "My Reverie" (Reverie) and Mozart in the "Eighteenth Century Drawing Room" (Piano Sonata No. 3). If he liked those tunes, he will also like Grieg and MacDowell and Chopin. A taste for Liszt's "Liebstraum" can be carried on to the slow movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony without difficulty. Try your husband with Bach's "Air on the G String," or one of the fast Gavottes or Jigs, but don't tell him they are Bach. Just present them as good tunes, via phonograph records or the radio.

The harmonizing instinct, the love of tone color (instrumental or vocal quality) and the basic feeling for design or form—all these can also be found in your husband's normal reactions to music. It is your job to develop and guide them, if you yourself are sufficiently interested. This does not demand musical scholarship or experience on your part. The materials are plentiful and your only problem is how [Continued on Page 56]



A SHOE BOX CAN BE DECORATIVE

We bought a bettered old shoe box (35c), reglued the foot end and sandpapered the scarred enamel (2c). We used one coat of bright red enamel inside, two coats of bright blue for the top and legs, two coats of grey for the panels (27c). We cut our own stencil of cardboard, traced lightly with pencil on the grey panels, filled in with a small paintbrush. Cost was 64 cents

SIX THINGS FOR THE BEGINNER TO REMAKE *for less than \$1.00*

by LOUISE SLOANE

If you have wanted to try your hand at remaking things for your home, but have hesitated to tackle a major job, here are six easy-to-do pieces on which to make a start. They can be done at little cost, with simple tools, and a minimum of expertness



A BATTERED DRESSING-TABLE BENCH MADE A NEW COFFEE TABLE

From the dressing-table bench (35c) we removed the broken cane seat, repaired the broken rung with glue. We fitted decorative corner molding (18c) around the edges, mitered the corners and nailed it on with small finishing nails, filling the nail holes with plastic wood. (Glue, nails, wood, 5c.) We cut a



piece of plywood (8c) to fill the seat opening, resting it on the corner braces that held the legs. We pested wallpaper on to the plywood for decoration, and covered with a clear finishing liquid (5c). We stained the plywood, the pine molding and the bench top dark walnut color (10c). Cost was 81 cents



A BROKEN CHAIR BUT WORTH FIXING

Sound construction and pleasing lines were apparent in this shabby, small, maple chair (50c). Scraping carefully with a small paring knife, we removed two coats of paint, one coat of surface stain, to uncover the lovely natural maple of the frame. We washed it with a damp cloth dipped in washing soda solution (tablespoon of soda to a quart of water). With fine steel wool (5c) we rubbed lightly until we had a satin finish. Then we dipped a rag into heated raw linseed oil (2c), and rubbed oil into the wood until it had reached the saturation point, to bring out the natural grain of the wood, and to deepen the color from almost white to a rich toast color. We removed the broken cane seat, tacked on four strips of wide webbing, interlaced (10c). To fill the hollow, we used an old kepek pillow. Over this we tacked an attractive cotton-striped fabric in soft blue and red, a cheap remnant (17c). We carefully glued braid (9c) in a matching blue over the tacks. The total cost of the chair came to 93 cents



FROM THIS TO THIS



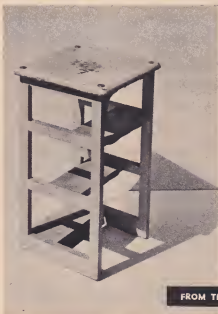
WE TURN AN OLD MOTTO PICTURE INTO A MODERN SERVING TRAY

From the fine walnut frame (45c) we first removed the motto and the glass, then gently scraped the battered gold flake from the inner molding to show its white base. We Simonized (4c) the frame to clean and polish the wood, then waxed over it. Through holes bored into the frame we bolted a pair of

bureau handles (2c), polished with steel wool (2c) until they shone. We filled the frame with a colorful road map (free), because these maps are so attractive. We put the glass back in, made a plywood backing (10c) to hold in the map, and pushed small metal supports (5c) into each corner. Cost was 68 cents

FROM STEPLADDER TO PLANT STAND

It wasn't a hard job at all to turn an old kitchen stepladder stool, that we bought in a secondhand store (40c), into the attractive plant stand that would brighten a room with green growing things. With fine sandpaper we smoothed off the old enamel to make a proper surface for our new paint. We removed the rubber stair treads. We took off the braces that held on the stool top, and removed the top itself. Then we turned the stool upside-down, and with a saw, we cut an L-shaped piece from both sides, just above the second step. To finish the rough edges, we beveled them with coarse sandpaper, wrapped over a block of wood and held at an angle. We nailed strips of panel molding (5c) to the front, back and sides of the steps, to form boxes that would hold the plants securely. (Nails and sandpaper, 5c.) With two coats of forest green enamel, we gave our new plant stand a finished look (15c). Because it isn't practical to fill the boxes with a tin liner, the plants must stand in small saucers that will fit into the trays, to catch water leaking from the pots. Total cost was 65 cents



FROM THIS TO THIS



FROM THIS TO THIS



A FOLDING BED TRAY MAKES A USEFUL GIFT FOR ANY HOME

To make meals more inviting and comfortable for those who are ill, we think a folding bed tray is a grand thing to have around. We took an old hospital tray (25c), in rather bad condition, mended its broken veneer with plastic wood, sanded off the ugly high varnish (5c). We gave the under part two coats

of enamel, the top three, choosing a clear bright yellow as a cheerful color (15c). To substitute for a linen cloth or mat, we pasted on a pleid wallpaper sample, trimmed it with red scotch tape (5c), finished the whole top surface with a clear white liquid that made it stain-proof and liquid-resistant (5c). Cost: 55 cents

YOUNG DRESSES



Velveteen bodice with push-up sleeves, Celanese taffeta full shirred skirt. Comes in Kelly green and eggshell, two shades of peacock, two shades of raisin. Sizes 10-18



Youth comes into its own in a Celanese taffeta with velvet ribbon trim. Eggshell-and-moss green, two shades of peacock, two shades of raisin. Sizes 10-16



Dinner dress of rayon alpaca with new soft shoulders and long torso bodice with metal studding. Black, red, white, Kelly green, peacock, royal blue. 10-20

She swirls about in this young Celanese taffeta dress of contrasting tones and crisp peplum, worn with her own clip. Black-and-red or black-and-peacock. 10-16



FOR YOUNG PARTIES

For the gay young things who dream of finding a new party dress in their Christmas stockings, we have chosen five models. They're formal enough to dance in the New Year, yet their little sleeves or jacket adapt them to a simpler home party. The season's newest tricks are in evidence—the soft shoulder and the long torso; the snugly girdled waist and the shirred bodice; the crisp peplum and the contrasting bands. Rayon taffeta, velveteen and crepe are favored fabrics for the young and here they are. At Saks 34th Street, New York City, and other shops throughout the country, for about \$8.95.

MABEL HILL SOUVAINÉ

This evening gown becomes a dinner frock when worn with its bolero. Celanese taffeta in contrasting tones, black-and-aqua or black-and-pink. Sizes 10-14.



*WE REPRINT FOR YOU THIS MONTH

BETWEEN THE YEARS

by
Fannie Kilbourne

—REPRINTED FROM "DOT & WILL." COPYRIGHT BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

Nobody in Montrose knew exactly what it was that started the feud. Not even Mrs. Frank Kirsted and I who had been right there when it started. Mrs. Kirsted and Dulcie and I were all down on Rosemary Merton's porch, mending and keeping a weather eye on our various babies and children on the lawn, and talking about how conceited husbands are, which, goodness knows, is a safe enough topic of conversation for a bunch of married girls.

We were giggling about the guileless way men, especially husbands, fall for every bit of flattery they hear.

"Goodness knows," said Dulcie, "I like flattery myself. But I don't believe it all."

"Neither do I," said Mrs. Kirsted. "But men do. If a girl tells a man he's a good dancer, he thinks that she thinks he is a good dancer."

"Yes," said Rosie, "and when his wife tries to tell him purely for his own good that he either ought to learn the rumba or stop trying to do it, he just figures that she doesn't appreciate him, and goes right on thinking he's a regular Fred Astaire and jiggling like a bent wheel."

"Mercy," I said, "can't you remember when we were all in high school, how the married crowd used to look to us at dances? The wives kidding themselves into thinking that nobody knew that their white satin evening dresses were their wedding gowns going into the fourth year. And the husbands! Having a married man ask you to dance was just one faint shade better than having to sit it out. The most you could say for them was that they helped fill up the picture and make you look popular." We all laughed.

"Howard never picks a popular girl to ask," said Rosie.



suddenly I caught my breath. There was the very coat Rosemary had been wearing when she and Dulcie Lane quarreled and started all the trouble

"He'll ask some poor droop who's so glad to get a chance to dance at all that she'll say anything! He actually told me with pride that Girlie Whitaker said that the dance she had with him was the best one she'd had that whole evening. It was probably the only one she'd had that evening, but after a man's been married six years, he doesn't look a compliment in the mouth, he just swallows it, hook, line and sinker."

We all laughed again, everything was gay and friendly and confidential, the way it is when a bunch of girls who are really crazy about their husbands knock them a little, just for fun. No four human beings could have been farther from a quarrel.

At that moment, we saw Frank Kirsted who, as a child, is a total loss, turning on the water in the hose and as my twins were right in line with the nozzle, both Mrs. Kirsted and I rushed down to stop him. It takes quite a little while at best to persuade Frankie not to do anything he has decided to do and then, to make sure, Mrs. Kirsted and I stopped to disconnect the hose and roll it up and put it out in the garage and lock the door. Altogether, though, it couldn't have taken us ten minutes. It may not have been more than five that Rosemary and Dulcie were left alone there on the porch.

Of course, if it had been Dulcie and Mrs. Kirsted, what followed wouldn't have been surprising at all. They get along pretty well in a crowd but leave them alone together at any time and ten minutes is plenty long enough for starting trouble. But Rosie and Dulcie! Why, they've been friends ever since we were all in Miss Serwell's infant class. And though they might criticize each other once in a great while, like any other friends, they never really meant anything by it and

always did it behind each other's back. I would have sworn that neither one of them would have said anything to hurt the other's feelings for anything.

And yet in that brief ten minutes at most, something had been said or done. Both Mrs. Kirsted and I could feel it as we came up the steps, it was as unmistakable as a sudden fog. Rosie was as red as a fire box and Dulcie was white. And there wasn't one bit of pleasantness left, they were both being polite—unpleasantly, icily polite. Dulcie was gathering up her mending and getting ready to go home though it was only half-past three and Rosie had said she had some sherbet in the refrigerator and was going to cut the sponge cake she'd made that morning. We had all planned to stay till five o'clock at least.

Dulcie said very formally that she'd forgotten that her mother was coming over that afternoon and that she must get back right away. Rosie didn't say a word. She was very distraught and absent-minded after Dulcie had left but though Mrs. Kirsted hinted and gave her every chance to tell what had happened, she didn't. It was a stiff, uncomfortable hour and a half for us all before we finally left.

I told Will about it at supper and he was quite interested. Men make me laugh, the way they love to pretend they're miles above petty gossip and then fairly lap up any juicy bit that comes their way.

Dulcie came over the first thing the next morning, all primed to tell me about it. I knew what she had come for, of course, though she pretended it was only to borrow my vacuum, hers being on the blink because she never can remember to oil it. But Will was there. He was going to drive a prospect out to show the Chesterfield farm and as they were leaving at half-past nine, he hadn't bothered to go down to the office. Dulcie was quite taken aback to find him at home, drying the breakfast dishes for me. She stuck around for a few minutes, waiting to see if he wasn't going but when he didn't seem to be, she took the vacuum and went back. Girls never like to tell anything like that in front of a man because a man always feels called upon to be funny about it, sometime later, if not at the very time.

Then I ran into Rosie in the Busy Bee that same morning when we were both doing our marketing and she was on the very point of telling me, she'd got to the "Of course, I know you and Dulcie are great friends but—" when Mrs. Kirsted came in and she stopped. I had got quite curious, naturally, but I figured I'd get it sooner or later so I didn't take to biting my fingernails with excitement while I waited. Mrs. Kirsted was actually pathetic, she was so crazy to find out what had happened and she didn't have any patience at all. She couldn't call me up about it, Dulcie and I being on the same wire, but she drove down late that afternoon and was nearly wild when she learned that I hadn't heard anything yet.

And by the time I got to see Dulcie alone, which wasn't till the next day, she'd evidently thought better of it and decided not to tell me at all. I saw Rosie the day after that and she didn't say anything about it, either, so I thought they'd probably made it up already. But I was wrong, and it was Mrs. Kirsted who told me about the next step.

"What do you think?" she gasped in the Busy Bee while Nat was putting up our orders. "Their husbands are in it, too!"

"They are!" I exclaimed, amazed. I knew, of course, that she meant Rosie's and Dulcie's husbands. When Mrs. Kirsted is interested in anything, she thinks and talks about it every waking instant.

"Yessit," Mrs. Kirsted said. "You know Howard was making a bridge for Dulcie—it's a funny thing for a girl of her age to have a bridge in her mouth, isn't it?" (Mrs. Kirsted and Dulcie being the two prettiest girls in the young married crowd, either one just loves to see signs of [Continued on Page 57])

Nobody in town knew what started the feud, but it caused plenty of unhappiness among Dot and Will's young married friends

Christmas Gifts

FROM YOUR KITCHEN



Here is a collection of prize-winning recipes in the Christmas gift contest. Our top prize winner is Mrs. Einar L. Iverson, of New Kensington, Pa. Last year she baked 85 dozen cookies.

"Five years ago," she wrote, "we moved into a new neighborhood. A few folks called, but I didn't feel as if we really belonged. At Christmas I bought bowls at the 5-and-10 and baked cookies each day for a week. The children filled the bowls and wrapped them in red cellophane.

"There were eleven houses in our block and though most of the people had never even spoken to us, we sent a bowl to each one. How they loved it! Now we have to almost double the number."

We hope you'll enjoy using Mrs. Iverson's recipes and other prize-winning Christmas recipes on the next page. The complete list of winners is on page 43.

VANILLA COOKIES

Cost, 17 cents (November 1941)

5 dozen cookies Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1/2 cup shortening | 2 3/4 cups sifted flour |
| 1 cup sugar | 2 teaspoons vanilla |
| 2 eggs, grade B | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup milk |

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually and beat well. Add vanilla. Beat in egg. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Chill dough for several hours or overnight. Roll out on lightly floured board and cut with floured cookie cutters. Place on greased cookie sheets and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 10 minutes. Cookies may be iced with confectioners' sugar mixed with a little water. Allow icing to dry thoroughly before packing boxes or bowls. Mrs. Einar L. Iverson, New Kensington, Pa.

SWEDISH FRUIT DROPS

Cost, 36 cents (November 1941)
4 dozen cookies Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1/4 cup chopped nutmeats |
| 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed | 1/4 cup chopped raisins |
| 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract | 1/4 cup chopped dates |
| 2 egg yolks | 1/4 cup chopped candied pineapple |
| 2 cups sifted flour | 1/4 cup salt |
| 1/2 teaspoon baking powder | |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | |

Cream shortening; gradually add brown sugar and beat well. Add lemon extract. Beat in egg yolks. Add sifted dry ingredients, then nuts and fruit. Shape into small balls and place on greased cookie sheet. Top each cookie with a small piece of candied cherry. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 12 minutes. Stored in covered tin or jar, these cookies will keep fresh for a week. Mrs. Einar L. Iverson, New Kensington, Pa.

FRUIT BARS

Cost, 38 cents (November 1941)
4 dozen bars Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 1/2 cups brown sugar | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 2 eggs, grade B | 1/4 cup milk |
| 2 1/4 cups sifted flour | 1 cup chopped raisins |
| 1/4 teaspoon ground cloves | 1 cup currants |
| 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg | 1 cup chopped dates |
| | Confectioners' sugar |

Cream shortening; add brown sugar gradually. Beat in the eggs; add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fold in fruit and nuts. Spread batter in greased shallow pan, 10 x 16 inches. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., about 30 minutes. Cool slightly, sprinkle with sifted confectioners' sugar and cut into bars. Store in a covered crock or tin box. Mrs. Einar L. Iverson, New Kensington, Pa.

RICH BUTTER COOKIES

Cost, 30 cents (November 1941)
4 1/2 dozen cookies Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 cup butter | 2 cups sifted flour |
| 1/4 cup powdered sugar | Candied cherries |

Cream butter; add sugar gradually. Blend in the flour. Drop from teaspoon onto ungreased cookie sheet. Press a small piece of candied cherry into each cookie. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 12 minutes. These cookies are best when fresh and should be made only a day or two before Christmas. Mrs. Einar L. Iverson, New Kensington, Pa.

A collection of prize-winning recipes for holiday treats which cost from 14 to 38 cents

COCONUT STACKS

Cost, 14 cents (November 1941)

1½ dozen Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | 1½ cup water |
| ½ cup corn syrup | Grated rind |
| 1 tablespoon butter | 2 oranges |
| | 2 cups shredded coconut |

Combine sugar, corn syrup, water and butter in saucepan. Cook to 242° F., or until a little dropped into cold water forms a firm ball. Remove from heat; add orange rind and coconut. Mix well. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Mrs. Othella Elder, Perryville, Mo.



PULLED CREAM CANDIES

Cost, 25 cents (November 1941)

About 1¼ pounds Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 cups sugar | 1 cup boiling water |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ½ teaspoon peppermint extract |
| ½ cup heavy cream | |

Combine sugar, salt, cream and water in saucepan. Boil without stirring to 265° F., or until a hard ball forms when a little syrup is dropped into cold water. Pour at once onto large buttered platter; do not scrape pan. Turn edges to center as candy cools. Pour flavoring on top. Gather together and pull until creamy, the longer the better. Cut off 1-inch pieces with scissors onto wax paper; let stand overnight. Store in tightly covered jar or tin box. Candy will keep creamy for about 10 days. Mrs. Price Gaines, Keene, N. H.



CARAWAY SEED CAKES

Cost, 23 cents (November 1941)

Two small loaves Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1½ cup shortening | 2 cups sifted flour |
| ½ cup sugar | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 eggs, grade B | 2 tablespoons caraway seed |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | ¼ cup milk |

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Sift dry ingredients together; add caraway seed. Bake in 2 small greased loaf pans. 6½ x 3½ x 2¼ inches, in moderate oven, 350° F., about 45 minutes. Cakes keep well for 2 or 3 days. Mrs. Edward Horner, Methuen, Mass.



CHOCOLATE FRUIT PATTIES

Cost, 38 cents (November 1941)

3 dozen cookies Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1½ cup butter | ½ teaspoon baking powder |
| 2 squares chocolate | 1½ cup raisins |
| ¾ cup sugar | 1 3-ounce package candied mixed fruits, chopped |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | ½ cup chopped nuts |
| 2 eggs, grade B | |
| 1 cup sifted flour | |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | |

Melt butter and chocolate together over low heat; beat in sugar and cool. Beat in vanilla and eggs; add sifted flour, baking powder and salt; add fruit and nuts. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheets. Bake in moderate oven 350° F., for 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on racks. These cookies keep well for 4 or 5 days. Mrs. Dorothy E. DeLorme, Roosevelt, N. Y.

SPICED APPLE CANDY

Cost, 25 cents (November 1941)

About 2 pounds Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 3 cups thick unsweetened apple sauce | ¼ pound red cinnamon candies |
| 2 cups sugar | Powdered sugar |

Cook apple sauce, sugar, and candies in heavy saucepan until very thick, about 1 hour, stirring often. Cool. Spread on wax paper and pat to ¼ inch thickness. Let stand overnight to dry out. Cut into desired shapes with small cookie cutter. Lift each piece from paper with spatula and dip into powdered sugar. Spread candies on sugared paper. Let stand overnight. Store in covered tin box. Miss Lucille A. Jones, Kansas City, Mo.



Since there isn't room in this issue to give you all the prize-winning recipes from the Christmas food contest, we have printed them in a new booklet called *Holiday Treats*. There are recipes for fruit cakes, mincemeat, steamed puddings, candies, fancy breads, winter preserves and relishes. And there are many old Christmas favorites — Singer Boys, Oatmeal Cookies, Rocks, Molasses Cookies. If you would like a copy of *Holiday Treats*, send a 3-cent stamp with your request to Woman's Day Kitchen, 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

DUMPLINGS HELP THE BUDGET

by GLENNA MCGINNIS

Most folks agree that you have to go a long way to find a dish that's more satisfying to the appetite than fluffy, light-as-a-feather, steaming hot dumplings in good meat gravy or a bowl of soup.

There's nothing expensive about dumplings. They call for simple, everyday ingredients. You'll find you can do a lot of stretching and make a little meat go a long way when you serve dumplings. You can serve them with left-over gravy or sauce and add the odds and ends of meat and vegetables that otherwise wouldn't go around. A kettle of soup

with dumplings becomes a hearty main dish instead of the first course of a meal. Some of these dumpling recipes were sent in by our readers, others were developed in our own Kitchen. All of them will give you the kind of dumplings you like—fluffy and light to the very center.

Don't overmix the batter and don't crowd the dumplings. For soups or stews, use a kettle that is 11 or 12 inches in diameter. Make sure the cover fits tightly and don't peek until the cooking time is up. Boil gently, not too vigorously. The old rule of serving dumplings the moment they are done still holds good for

most recipes. However, our Double Boiler Dumplings and Dessert Dumplings may be kept hot for a long time, or may even be reheated. And the Dessert Dumplings are good cold, too.

FLUFFY DUMPLINGS

Cost, 6 cents (November 1941)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 cups sifted cake flour	1 tablespoon shortening
1½ teaspoons baking powder	½ cup plus 2 tablespoons milk, or ¾ cup
¾ teaspoon salt	

Sift dry ingredients together into a bowl. Mix in shortening with fork. Add milk all



Fluffy Dumplings are cooked in slightly thickened gravy and served with stew, with pot roast or with chicken. Cake flour helps to make them light



Sweet batter cooked in heavy sugar syrup makes these Dessert Dumplings with Caramel Sauce an easy and inexpensive ending for a meal

These dumplings made with corn meal are especially good when cooked in pot liquor or in thick, old-fashioned pea soup made from ham stock

at once. Mix quickly and lightly until flour is moistened. Do not mix until smooth. Make 8 dumplings by dropping mixture from teaspoon into gently boiling slightly thickened stew or gravy. Use a large pot to prevent crowding. Cover. Cook 15 minutes without removing cover. These dumplings must be served immediately.

DOUBLE BOILER DUMPLINGS

Cost, 6 cents (November 1941)

Serves 2 to 3 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 cup sifted cake flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon lard |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | 1 egg yolk, beaten |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter |

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Mix in lard with fork. Combine egg yolk and milk; add to flour mixture all at once. Mix quickly and lightly until flour is moistened. Do not mix until smooth. Butter top part of large double boiler and place over boiling water. Drop $\frac{1}{4}$ of mixture in at a time making 4 dumplings. Cover. Cook over boiling water for 25 minutes. Spoon out and serve with stew, gravy, sauce or creamed vegetables, meat or seafood.

PARSLEY POTATO DUMPLINGS FOR SOUP

Cost, 8 cents (November 1941)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 large cold boiled potatoes | 1 egg, slightly beaten |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ slices hard dry bread, without crust | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted flour |
| 1 small onion | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder |
| 5 large sprigs parsley | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg |

Put peeled potatoes, bread, onion and parsley through food chopper, using fine blade. Add remaining ingredients; mix thoroughly. Shape into 18 small balls, 1-inch in diameter. Store in refrigerator until needed. About 20 minutes before serving, drop balls into boiling seasoned broth. Cook, covered, for 10 minutes. Remove cover and continue cooking until dumplings come to top. Serve at once. Dumplings can be cooked in boiling salted water and served with meat. Miss Janet Block, Ripon, Wis.

CORN MEAL DUMPLINGS

Cost, 10 cents (November 1941)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup white corn meal | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda |
| 1 cup sifted flour | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | 1 tablespoon lard |
| | 1 egg, grade B |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttermilk |

Sift dry ingredients together into a bowl;

work in lard with fork. Combine well-beaten egg and buttermilk. Add to dry ingredients mixing only enough to moisten flour. Do not mix until smooth. Drop by teaspoonfuls into gently boiling pot liquor, broth, soup, or on top of turnip, mustard or collard greens. Cover; cook 20 minutes. Serve at once.

PIN WHEEL DUMPLINGS

Cost, 12 cents (November 1941)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted flour | 1 egg, grade B |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons soft butter |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper | A little sage or poultry seasoning |
| 1 tablespoon melted butter | |

Sift dry ingredients together. Add melted butter, well-beaten egg and milk. Mix only until dough holds together. Pat out in a square on floured board to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness. Spread with soft butter; sprinkle with sage or poultry seasoning. Roll up like jelly roll. Cut in 8 slices. Place each slice flat side down on top of gently boiling chicken fricassee or meat stew with gravy slightly thickened. Cover tightly and cook 15 minutes. Serve at once. This batter may be seasoned with a little minced onion, curry powder, chopped parsley or celery seed. Add the extra seasoning to the sifted dry ingredients. Meat broth or tomato juice may be substituted for the milk. Mrs. George Graves, Oshkosh, Wis.

DESSERT DUMPLINGS WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

Cost, 18 cents (November 1941)

Serves 6 to 8 Woman's Day Kitchen

CARAMEL SAUCE

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | 2 teaspoons vanilla |
| 2 cups boiling water | 2 tablespoons butter |
- Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar slowly in large skillet, stirring constantly until golden brown. Slowly add water, remaining sugar, vanilla and butter. Boil 2 minutes. Drop dumpling batter into boiling sauce from a teaspoon to make 8 dumplings. Cover. Cook 15 minutes without removing cover. These dumplings are good cold as well as hot.

DESSERT DUMPLING BATTER

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 1 tablespoon melted butter |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |

Sift dry ingredients together into a bowl. Add melted butter and milk, mixing quickly and lightly until flour is moistened. Do not mix smooth. Cook in boiling caramel sauce.



When you haven't enough gravy in which to cook dumplings, make these in a double boiler



Cold boiled potatoes and dry bread give Parsley Potato Dumplings an unusual texture

SEVEN DINNERS FOR TWO

These meals were planned for the woman who holds a business job. To cut down the time of preparation, many canned and packaged foods are used. With the exception of Sunday dinner, each meal may be prepared in less than an hour. The total cost of all the dinners for two, including two guests, is \$5.50. This cost is based on average prices in supermarkets all over the country at the time we go to press



SUNDAY'S chicken dinner for four costs 81.58; time, 90 minutes

CELERY RADISHES
BAKED CHICKEN WITH GINGER
RICE
BRUSSELS SPROUTS
TANGERINE AND ROMANE SALAD
HOT BISCUITS BUTTER
BUTTERSCOTCH TARTS WITH WHIPPED CREAM
COFFEE

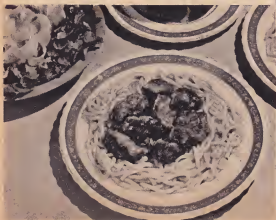
If you don't have much free time during the week Sunday is a good day to entertain dinner guests. This menu was planned for four. Use a 3-pound frying chicken, cut in quarters; wash; wipe dry and dip into evaporated milk. Then roll each piece into a mixture of $\frac{3}{4}$ cup crushed corn flakes, 1 teaspoon each ginger and salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Place chicken, skin side up, in shallow baking pan. Dot with 4 tablespoons margarine. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour, basting with pan drippings every 15 minutes. Remove chicken from oven and increase heat to 450° F., for biscuits and tart shells. One package pie crust mix will make 6 shells. Make up a package of butterscotch pudding mix to fill 4 of the tart shells, reserving 2 shells for Monday's dinner. Reheat chicken while you put hot boiled sweet potatoes through ricer.



MONDAY'S lamb chop dinner costs 74 cents; time, 45 minutes

SMOTHERED SHOULDER LAMB CHOPS, ONION AND POTATOES
BUTTERED GREEN PEAS
MIXED GREEN SALAD WITH FRENCH DRESSING
BOUGHT ROLLS BUTTER
BANANA TARTS WITH WHIPPED CREAM
TEA

Shoulder lamb chops are much less expensive than loin and rib. They have little bone and the flavor is excellent. One pound will give 3 good-sized chops. Meat, potatoes and onions are cooked together in one pan. Wash and peel 4 medium-size potatoes. Cut potatoes in eighths and slice 2 onions. Salt, pepper and flour both sides of chops and brown quickly in 1 tablespoon of drippings in a hot skillet. Reduce heat. Arrange vegetables around chops, season with salt and pepper, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water and cover. Cook slowly for 35 minutes or until potatoes are tender. We used one No. 1 can of grade C peas because it costs much less than fresh peas at this time of year. Just before serving dessert, fill the two tart shells left from Sunday with thinly sliced banana. Cover with sweetened whipped cream and place a bit of red jelly in center.



TUESDAY'S veal dinner costs 58 cents; time, 50 minutes

BRAISED VEAL CUBES WITH SPAGHETTI
CARROT, WATERCRESS, ROMANE SALAD
RYE BREAD BUTTER
FRESH PEARS
CREAM CHEESE
COFFEE

You'll need $\frac{3}{4}$ pound boneless stewing veal. Use kitchen scissors or sharp knife to cut it in small cubes. Sprinkle meat with salt, pepper and flour and brown quickly in 2 tablespoons hot cooking oil, using a heavy skillet. If garlic is liked, add one clove, minced. Add 1 cup water; cover and simmer 35 minutes. Use a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce can spaghetti with tomato sauce. The salad should be large and attractive since no other vegetable is being served. There won't be many dishes to do so you may have time to prepare vegetables for Wednesday's dinner. Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ pound string beans, French style and boil rapidly for 10 minutes in salted water. Drain. Boil 4 medium-size potatoes in their jackets. When cold, cover vegetables; store in refrigerator.

WEDNESDAY'S oven dinner costs 61 cents; time, 45 minutes

PINEAPPLE AND LIME JUICE
COCKTAIL
ESCALOPED TONGUE AND
POTATOES
GREEN BEAN, ONION RING,
LETTUCE SALAD
CORN BREAD BUTTER
APRICOT WHIP
BOUGHT COOKIES
TEA

Peel and slice cooked potatoes. Add 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons melted butter, and 1 small onion, grated; mix lightly. Slice one 6-ounce canned lunch tongue; arrange alternate layers of tongue and potatoes in 2 small baking dishes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk to each; bake 30 minutes in moderate oven, 375° F. Corn bread can be baked at the same time. Mix $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups corn meal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt; add 1 tablespoon cooking oil, 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten, and 1 cup milk. Pour in oiled 9-inch square pan. There'll be some corn bread left to toast for breakfast. For dessert, use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stewed apricots, a little grated orange rind and 2 unbeaten egg whites; sweeten to taste; beat with rotary beater for 6 minutes.



THURSDAY'S liver dinner costs 65 cents; time, 45 minutes

BREADED LIVER LOAF SLICES
RICE WITH TOMATO SAUCE
BUTTERED MIXED
VEGETABLES
SLICED APPLE AND
WATERCRESS SALAD
BOUGHT ROLLS BUTTER
DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE WITH
WHIPPED CREAM CHEESE
TEA

While water boils, preheat oven; prepare and bake a package of devil's food cake mix. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup washed rice to 2 quarts boiling salted water; boil rapidly until tender, about 20 minutes. A bunch of soup greens gives a good assortment of mixed vegetables; wash, cut in pieces and cook quickly in 1 cup boiling water. When vegetables are tender and most of the liquid has evaporated, season with salt, pepper and butter. In the meantime, cut canned liver loaf (10½-ounce size) into 4 slices. Dip each piece in milk, then in bread crumbs. Brown carefully in a little fat. Heat an 8-ounce can of tomato sauce. When rice is tender, drain and press into buttered custard cups; unmold. Serve cream cheese whipped with a little milk on squares of hot cake. Looking ahead, you might hard cook an egg for Friday's salad.



FRIDAY'S fish dinner costs 71 cents; time, 50 minutes

HOT TOMATO JUICE
CASSEROLE OF
CAULIFLOWER
WITH
SHRIMP AND CELERY SAUCE
SHREDDED LETTUCE,
HARDCOOKED EGG SALAD
TOASTED RYE BREAD
BUTTER
DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE WITH
HOT ORANGE SAUCE
COFFEE

Trim and wash a small head of cauliflower. Drop whole head, stem side down, into boiling salted water. After 10 minutes, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup diced celery. Make white sauce using $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup evaporated milk, diluted with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water from the vegetables, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Add drained celery and a can of shrimp with black veins removed. Heat thoroughly. When cauliflower is tender, remove from water and drain on towel. Put it in serving dish and pour shrimp sauce over it. Shred outside green lettuce leaves and cut hardcooked egg in quarters. Dress with lemon juice, salt and pepper. For the orange sauce mix 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons cornstarch and a pinch of salt; add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup orange juice, grated rind 1 orange, and bring to a boil.



SATURDAY'S sandwich supper costs 63 cents; time, 30 minutes

SWEET PICKLES
GRILLED SAUSAGE AND
CHEESE SANDWICHES
SPICED HOT APPLE SAUCE
SHREDDED CABBAGE AND
CELERY SALAD
BOUGHT CRUMB COFFEE
CAKE
JELLY
COFFEE

For each sandwich you'll need 1 slice of bread, thinly sliced cheese and 2 cooked link sausages. One-third pound of cheese will do for 4 sandwiches and this should be just about right for two hungry people. Pan fry sausages slowly, pouring off the fat as it accumulates. Use the broiler and toast the bread on one side. Turn other side up and cover with cheese; top with sausages. Broil until cheese melts. These sandwiches are especially good on rye or whole wheat bread. Heat half a can of apple sauce with a pinch of cloves and cinnamon. Use half a bought coffee cake, saving the other half for breakfast. Warm coffee cake by putting it in the broiler pan after the heat is turned off. Serve with jelly, and butter, too, if desired.



Is YOUR CHILD BAD?

by Gladys Huntington Bevans



Do you think "bad" describes your son or daughter? Do you want to use such a label for your child, either to yourself or to him or her?

Bad—think about it. What are the dictionary synonyms? They are in my big volume: abandoned, abominable, base, corrupt, evil, ill, mean, outrageous, rotten, unsound, vicious, vile, wicked, sinful! Perhaps parents don't mean quite all those things by bad. You may prefer to consider this definition: Bad is the antithesis of good, shading from that which is distinctively and positively wicked or evil to that which possesses merely negative characteristics of unsatisfactoriness.

At this point I can hear, "What? You don't call a child bad who lies? You don't call a boy bad who steals? You don't call a boy or girl bad who cheats?"

No, I answer, I do not.

"Well, what do you call them?"

I call them—nothing. Why call them anything at all, especially something negative or shameful? Some parents rush at once to name calling when something happens: "You're rude! You're a liar! You're a thief! You're bad!" What is achieved by labeling children's behavior to them all the time?

No, I do not call all these children bad. But I do say that something is wrong in their lives if they cheat, lie or steal, and the thing for us to do is to help them by finding the reason. They may act so because they feel put aside, unloved, or deprived unnecessarily or by poverty of the things young people should have, they may have no home training or are thrown with undesirable companions.

Children can behave in many ways that we know are undesirable and still not merit being called "bad." They do these things for a variety of reasons, hard for many adults to understand.

For instance, energy which flows in the wrong channels is responsible for much that is labeled "bad"—noisiness and quarreling and destruction of furniture and toys.

Also, parents by the veritable thousand call a child "bad" when he interferes with their comfort and convenience. If they want quiet and he's bubbling and boisterous, if they want to talk and he does too, if they want the house clean and in order and his play destroys that, in a dozen ways parents call and think a child bad because he interferes with their adult desires or makes work for them. "You bad little boy,

getting shavings and sawdust all over the floor when I've just swept," bewilders Jimmy who was quietly and happily absorbed using his plane and saw. Jimmy certainly isn't "bad," he had no such motivation, he didn't mean to upset the room. Even the result is not bad, just inconvenient at the moment. His mother did not try to understand.

Children are "good" if they're understood. And also, they're "good" if they can be made to understand us. The latter figures more than we think.

But take the first, first. We begin in our effort at understanding by trying to fathom why children do what they do. Early in that effort we realize that, as immature human beings, they are at a stage in their mental and physical development very different from ours. Their needs are different, and should be. Their desires are different and should be. Things that are important to us frequently don't even exist for them. We grownups consider our neighbors' opinion, set ourselves time limits and hurry like mad, and may be slaves of convention. But children aren't concerned with what the proper Joneses think of their racket, or their manner with us, they can't feel the to us overwhelming importance of getting things done on time, or getting the house in order before the Browns drop in.

In perfect good faith, oblivious of the fact that they may be out of step with our aims, they go about their affairs. Three-year-old Debby loses herself utterly in doing the things that are important to her and that perhaps she alone cares about, ten-year-old Donald sees the world and its values through the eyes of a ten-year-old and throws himself into the activities that are vital at that age. And fifteen-year-old Ruth and sixteen-year-old Ronny swing full tilt into the world of adolescents and adolescence, a world almost completely at variance with that of adults, filled with things that too many of today's parents are quick to label bad.

So, realizing that her children must live life as nature impels them, as stage succeeds stage of growth and development, an understanding parent does not call them bad. She may guide, restrain, admonish, discipline if necessary for the best good of the children and of the whole family, but she does not call them bad. In this way she does not create the bewilderment that often changes into antagonism or [Continued on Page 65]

So many parents use the word "bad" when speaking of their children.

They don't realize how much it bewilders, shames and antagonizes a child

"Oh! For a girl like
you...in every port!"



MOTHER hasn't forgotten the way to a son's heart. She remembers all his whims, his favorite dishes and—"extra special"—his gusto for "Custom Ground" A&P Coffee—fresh, fragrant, satisfying coffee.

Two words—*Custom Ground*—hold the secret of the finer, extra flavor of A&P Coffee. For every pound is *Custom Ground* exactly right for each coffee pot. Just choose your favorite blend—Eight O'Clock, Red Circle or Bokar—tell the clerk the type of coffee pot you use, then watch: The dial on the red coffee mill is set for *you* and the fresh coffee beans are *Custom Ground* the precise fineness for *you*—so you'll

get all the magnificent flavor in your cup of coffee.

From plantation to you—from source to sale—the quality of A&P Coffee is guarded. And just because it is brought direct to you, many extra handling charges and middlemen's profits are avoided. Thus you get this superlative coffee at astonishingly thrifty prices.

Make a mental note, *now!* Visit your A&P... buy *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee... enjoy its truly magnificent flavor. And—may we suggest—don't put off the happy moment.

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES

CUSTOM GROUND Coffee is A&P Coffee correctly ground for your own coffee pot. Different types of coffee pots bring hot water into contact with ground coffee for different lengths of time. Therefore, it is necessary to have coffee specially ground (*Custom Ground*) for each type of pot, to bring out the full flavor.



FOR REGULAR POT
have A&P Coffee
ground COARSE.



FOR PERCOLATOR
have A&P Coffee
ground MEDIUM.



FOR DRIP POT
have A&P Coffee
ground FINE.



FOR VACUUM POT
have A&P Coffee
ground EXTRA FINE.



MILD AND
MELLOW



RICH AND
FULL-BODIED



VIGOROUS
AND WINERY



SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Canned Apple Juice
Poached Eggs (on Toast) with Cream Gravy
Coffee Ring Coffee Milk

DINNER

Tomato Juice Cocktails
Beef Loaf with Onion Gravy
Baked Potatoes Fresh Spinach
Bread and Butter
Cranberry and Apple Pie
Coffee Milk

SUPPER

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Apple and Celery Salad
Cocoa

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Bananas and Oatmeal
Buttered Toast Coffee Milk

LUNCH

Cream of Spinach Soup
Peanut Butter Sandwiches on Raisin
Bread
Raw Carrot Sticks

DINNER

Spanish Omelet
Fried Potatoes String Beans
Bread and Butter
Butterscotch Dumplings Tea Milk

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Canned Grapefruit Juice
Corn Meal Mush Cooked in Milk
Brown Sugar
Buttered Toast Coffee

LUNCH

Baked Sweet Potatoes
Bacon Celery Curls
Toast and Butter
Oranges

DINNER

Tomato Soup
Home Baked Pork and Beans
Cale Stew with Mustard Dressing
Egg Bread and Butter
Baked Apples Tea Milk

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Tomato Juice
Buttered Toast Bacon Coffee Milk

LUNCH

Spaghetti with Cheese Sauce
Lettuce Sandwiches
Baked Apples

DINNER

Breaded Canned Corn Beef Slices
Quick Cooked Cabbage with Cream Sauce
Baked Potatoes in Jackets
Bread and Butter
Fruit Cup Molasses Cookies
Coffee Milk

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Canned Grape Fruit Juice
Fried Corn Meal Mush with Molasses
Buttered Toast Coffee Milk

LUNCH

Baked Beans Ketchup
Bread and Butter
Apples Molasses Cookies, Cocoa

DINNER

Braised Beef Liver
Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots
Bread and Butter
Minced Brown Betty
Tea Milk

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

Costing \$10.00 to Serve Four

by CORA ANTHONY

These menus were planned for two grownups and two school children. They have all the necessary vitamins and minerals, plenty of fruit, vegetables and eggs. The milk and cheese amounts to the equivalent of one quart milk daily for each child, and one pint for each adult, much of the milk being used in the cooking. To keep the cost down, we selected inexpensive meats and planned a careful use of all leftovers. At the time of going to press, the foods needed to serve these meals cost \$10.00 in a large self-service markets. This figure is an average cost, and may vary a little helow or a little above \$10.00 in some communities.

MARKET LIST

Dairy		
Milk, evaporated	9	tall cans
Milk, fresh	10	quarts
Cheese, American	3/4	pound
Cheese, cottage	1/2	pound
Eggs, Meat, Fish		
Eggs, grade B	15	only
Bacon	1/2	pound
Corned beef	1	pound can
Hamburger	1	pound
Liver, beef	1	pound
Salt pork	1 1/2	pounds
Oysters	1	pint
Fats		
Butter	1 1/2	pounds
Lard (10 1/4 ounces)	3	ounces
Margarine	1	pound,
Peanut butter (1 1/2 ounces)	1/2	cup
Salad dressing	1 1/2	cups
Sugars and Sweets		
Sugar, brown	1 1/4	pounds
Sugar, granulated	3 1/2	pounds
Minced meat	1/2	package
Molasses, 1 1/2 cup or	13-fluid-	ounce can
Cereals		
Bread, dark	3	loaves
Bread, raisin	1	loaf
Bread, white	6	loaves
Coffee cake	1	only
Corn meal (3/4 pound)	2	cups
Crackers, soda	1	small box
Doughnuts	1	dozen
Flour, all purpose	2 1/2	pounds
Honey	1	No. 2 1/2 can

Oatmeal (1/2 pound)	2	cups
Spaghetti	8-ounce	package
Tapioca	1	tablespoon

Fruits

Apples	9	pounds
Apple juice	1	No. 2 can
Apple sauce	1	No. 2 can
Bananas	7	only
Cranberries (1/2 pound)	1	cup
Grapefruit juice	10-ounce can	
Oranges	1	dozen
Prunes, dried	3/4	pound

Vegetables

Beans, dried pea	1 1/2	pounds
Beans, string	1	pound
Beets	1	bunch
Brussels sprouts	1	pint
Cabbage, new	1 1/2	pounds
Carrots, bulk	1 1/2	pounds
Celery	1	small bunch
Kale	2	pounds
Lettuce	1/4	head
Onions	1	pound
Pepper, green	1	only
Potatoes, sweet	1 1/2	pounds
Potatoes, white	7 1/2	pounds
Spinach	2	pounds
Tomatoes, grade C	1	No. 2 can
Tomato juice	1	quart
Tomato soup	1	can

Miscellaneous

Bouillon cube	1	only
Cocoa (2 ounces)	1/2	cup
Coffee	1	pound
Ketchup (1 fluid ounce)	1/2	cup
Tel	1 1/2	ounces
Vinegar (6 fluid ounces)	1/4	cup
Seasonings, leavenings, etc.	Small amounts	

BEEF LOAF WITH ONION GRAVY

Cost, 30 cents (November 1941)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 slices stale bread	1 egg, grade B
1/4 cup evaporated milk	3 onions, sliced
1/4 cup water	1 tablespoon fat
1 pound hamburger	3 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning	1 cup boiling water, or cooking water drained from vegetables
Salt and pepper	
Crumble bread into diluted evaporated milk. Add hamburger, poultry seasoning, egg, 1	

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Fried Eggs Coffee Doughnuts

LUNCH

Vegetable Soup
Crackers Cottage Cheese
Warm Banana Cake

DINNER

Crisp Salt Pork with Cream Gravy
Hominy or Baked Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce Toasted Doughnuts
Coffee Milk

IN DECEMBER

teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Turn into small loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 45 minutes. Brown onions in fat; sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper. Remove meat loaf to hot platter. Pour pan drippings over onions; add boiling water. Bring to a boil and cook 5 minutes. Pour gravy over meat loaf.

BRAISED BEEF LIVER

Cost, 31 cents (November 1941)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 tablespoon fat	Boiling water, or
1 onion, sliced	cooking water
1 pound beef liver,	drained from
sliced	vegetables

Salt and pepper

Melt fat in skillet, add onion and brown. Add liver and brown one side. Turn, season and barely cover with boiling water or some liquid in which vegetables were cooked. Simmer slowly for 30 minutes. Remove liver to hot platter; boil gravy for 5 minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper; pour over meat.

Here is a list of the prize winners in our contest: Christmas Gifts From Your Kitchen. You will find some of their recipes on pages 34-35.

\$15.00
Mrs. Einar L. Iverson, New Kensington, Pa.
\$10.00
Mrs. H. C. Coventry, Rochester, Minn.
\$5.00
Mrs. Harold L. Morpeth, Riverside, R. I.
\$2.00
Mrs. Dora Allen, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Dorothy E. DeLorme, Roosevelt, N. Y.
Mrs. Othelia Elder, Perryville, Mo.
Mrs. Ansel Emery, Easton, Pa.
Mrs. Price Gaines, Keene, N. H.
Mrs. C. Hawtre, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Mrs. Edward Horner, Methuen, Mass.
Miss Lucille A. Jones, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. George Kalan, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Elsie R. Kinion, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. Glen Sault, Bradford, Vt.
Mrs. Homer T. Welch, Sarasota, Fla.

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR FISH?

For this contest we want your best fish recipes. Tell us your favorite variety of fresh or frozen fish and how you cook it. Do you have an unusual way of stretching or dressing up canned or fried fish? Do you have a special fish recipe for company dinner? Give us an estimate of the cost and number of servings.

Don't send in a rule for creamed codfish, or one for tuna fish and noodles with mushroom sauce, unless it's the very best you ever tasted. The best recipe in the opinion of the judges will be awarded \$15.00. There will be a \$10.00 prize for the runner-up, two \$5.00 and ten \$2.00 prizes. The winning recipes will be published in the March issue.

Entries should be postmarked on or before December 15th. Send one or more of your own recipes for using fish to the Food Contest Editor, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th St., New York, N. Y. Don't forget to sign your name and address, and to say in your letter, "I authorize you to publish this material."



For Supper Tonight:
See how tempting Premium Crackers "Point Up" the flavor of creamed fish!

JUST ENOUGH TANG to tempt appetites. Baked with plenty of shortening to make them light and flaky. No wonder Premium Crackers make creamed fish and dozens of other "favorite dishes" seem still more delicious. Order Premiums from your dealer today. Let these temptingly fresh and tasty crackers help make *your* meals more nourishing... and more interesting!

★ **EXTRA** FRESH, FLAKY,
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are working for a dying cause." Henry Baker is now manager of the Wayne County Airport on the outskirts of Plymouth, and a loyal admirer of Mayor Whipple. Ruth marched in every suffrage parade throughout her school years, pasted posters on every available surface, stamped all her letters *Votes for Women!* and circulated petitions by the hundreds, often breaking up a quots game to get signatures from the players. When she had her tonsils out, she yelled repeatedly under ether, "I want to vote! I want to vote!" In her junior year at the University of Michigan, she composed the following song for the class play:

"Equality, equality, equality we cry!
Equality, equality is coming by and by,
For every day we show the men who go to Michigan

That education means co-eds,
That education means co-eds,
And woman equals man!"

The gift of fluency has always been hers, and she early developed a talent for talking so fast and so continually in so soft a voice that her opponent in conversation or argument is faced with the double disadvantage of having to lean forward attentively in order to hear her, and of trying to get a word in edgewise. With these facilities, she naturally became interested in debate, and because women were not allowed on the debating team at Michigan, she went off to Mount Holyoke for a year where she distinguished herself as an alternate on its debating team. Returning to Plymouth, she organized a debating society with herself as president, and a debating league at Plymouth High which she coached along with other teams at Durand and at Detroit Northwestern. In the next thirteen years, her teams won more championships than those of any other coach in Michigan. Both her friends and opponents in Plymouth will tell you now

MICHIGAN'S LADY MAYOR

[Continued from Page 11]

that if you want to discuss any question with Ruth Whipple, you'd better have your arguments lined up in the proper order, one, two and three.

In 1925 Ruth Huston married Austin Whipple, who lived on his parents' farm just outside town. Mr. Whipple is a tall, lean, humorous man, as easy-going as his wife is intense. He has never gone into politics, but he did give up the farm for city life at the time of his marriage, and is now manager of his father-in-law's hardware store, a prosperous and shining place to which Mr. Whipple's affability draws a good deal of sociable business. The Whipples live in a pleasant, busy house on Penniman Avenue, and have two sons, Edson, a grave, attractive boy of ten, and Elmer, a jaunty blond, aged six. Mrs. Whipple sticks to a written schedule of time to be spent with her family, and she never suffers from her being Mayor nor benefit particularly from it. Edson says that the only special attention he remembers on account of his mother's position occurred last Spring, when she got tickets for the opening game of the baseball season. As Mayor she had to throw out the first ball, and Edson watched her anxiously until she had done it. "Oh, Mother," he groaned then. The Mayor's career, on the other hand, suffers occasionally from her domestic attachments. During a recent water shortage in town, she had to be nimble about turning off the hose her husband would forgetfully leave on in the garden, as well as her husband's hose next door. "It looks so bad for the Mayor's family to be wasting water," she explained. Ten years ago, after Edson was born, certain detractors of hers criticized

her for talking too much about her child, so she determined, after Elmer's birth, to mention him as rarely as possible. Her critics, observing this, characteristically announced that she was an unnatural mother, and certainly couldn't love poor Elmer, or she would talk about him more. Even now, around election time each year, the local Winchells who don't want her elected work hard at spreading the rumor that she is expecting another child. "You wait and see," they prophesy darkly, "she'll begin to get dizzy right in the middle of the campaign."

Through no fault of hers or her husband's, Mrs. Whipple's marriage caused her first political defeat. In 1924 she ran for election to the Board of Education and was turned down because she was married. In the same year she was defeated for election to the Charter Commission. In August, however, she was appointed to Plymouth's City Commission to fill a vacancy caused by the death of one of its five male members, but when she ran for election to the same office the following April, she was overwhelmingly defeated, polling only sixteen votes out of six hundred in one precinct. True to form, she ran again for the Board of Education in 1933, and to nobody's surprise was again defeated. Things looked up in 1934, though, when she was elected to serve two years on the City Commission, the first and only woman member. She has been re-elected every two years since, twice by the largest number of votes cast. Even this ultimate bouquet was not without its thorn, for Mrs. Whipple, eligible as a City Commissioner for the office of Mayor was passed over without a nod in her direction until 1940. She became Mayor in April of that year, and was unanimously re-elected in 1941. She is happy about that, but old wounds still give her an occasional twinge. "It was my turn to be

No wonder Swell-Tasting WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM is so popular with Dad and the Boys

Once you sink your teeth into a delicious stick of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum and get that full, fresh taste of long-lasting spearmint flavor, you know why Dad and the Boys go for it. It freshens up your mouth and helps sweeten your breath. Besides, there's fun and satisfaction in the chewing. And chewing aids digestion—helps keep your teeth attractive, too . . . Its wholesome quality makes Wrigley's Spearmint good and good for you . . . Leave it to Dad and the Boys to know a good thing! Delight them with several packages today.

*The
Flavor Lasts*



Mayor as far back as 1936," she says, rather wistfully.

This expression, "It's my turn to be Mayor," is commonplace in Plymouth, which operates under the commission-manager form of government, meaning that the town is run by a Board of five Commissioners, elected by the people and by a City Manager appointed by the Commission. The Mayor is elected by the Commissioners from among themselves, according to a sort of system of rotation. In addition to Mayor Whipple, the present Commission includes George Robinson, a former Mayor, Henry Hondorp, also a former Mayor, Ed Wilson, another former Mayor and the conductor's cousin, Robert Joffile, also the conductor's cousin, and Clarence H. Elliott, City Manager. The reason Mrs. Whipple was neglected so long was that she was a woman, and one of her first triumphs was making a fellow Commissioner come out and admit it in public. This occurred some four years ago when, having received a crumb of comfort in being Mayor pro tem (as empty a title as any vice-president's), Mrs. Whipple decided that she wanted to be appointed as a representative of Plymouth to the Wayne County Board of Supervisors. Henry Hondorp, then Mayor, withheld the deciding vote, declaring flatly in meeting that he would never approve her appointment nor vote for it. "Why?" Mrs. Whipple demanded. "Don't you think I'm capable, Henry?" Mr. Hondorp, it is related, got red and lost his temper. "Dammit, Ruth, you're a woman!" he shouted desperately. At this point, the other three Commissioners, disturbed by hearing their old friend accused of a fault she couldn't help, stirred uncomfortably, and Ed Wilson (who later succeeded Hondorp as Mayor) spoke up. "Ruth," he said, "you're Mayor pro tem, you can take the chair and appoint yourself. In a kind of hush, Mayor Hondorp relinquished

the chair, under parliamentary law he had no choice, and Mrs. Whipple calmly sat in it and confirmed her own appointment. This, and her subsequent record, so roused Mr. Hondorp's admiration that he now says, "If I had it to over again, I'd appoint Ruth Whipple to any office in the county and vote for her every time."

Mrs. Whipple's first attendance at a meeting of the Wayne County Board of Supervisors in Detroit was also remarkable for a clash between the sexes. The Board was a comfortable group of some one hundred and fifty men and one or two rather inarticulate women, and it was accustomed to pass motions, resolutions, and adjournments as swiftly as possible when the clock pointed to lunch time. Mrs. Whipple arrived at the meeting full of everything she had learned from two years' study of municipal government at the University of Michigan, and from a subsequent course in parliamentary law with Mrs. Ella Fox in Detroit. She wore a pretty dress and hat that day, and her ears were pinned back. The Board was discussing an \$18,000,000 budget, and the first thing Mrs. Whipple heard from the chairman was, "If there are no objections the motion is passed with roll call attached," mumbled in a kind of speedy drone. She looked around and saw some people slouching in their chairs and eating apples. She bounced to her feet. "I object," she said clearly. Amid a startled hush, she went on to explain that she had not heard enough about the project in question to understand it thoroughly, and she didn't think \$18,000,000 ought to be tossed around that way. As a result of this unheard-of remark and the tumult that followed, the Supervisors' Board now has a new ruling which stipulates a delay of twenty-four hours between the introduction of a motion and the moment when it is passed. "Time to think it over," Mrs. Whipple says contentedly.

Legislators of Plymouth and of Wayne County in general have learned to respect her integrity and the parliamentary training which enables her to make correct and unanswerable remarks such as, "I appeal from the decision of the Chair," and the like. One time when she had unleashed several such sentences at a County meeting to appoint a road commissioner, Mayor Jeffries of Detroit, a sensible man, held up his hand to still the baritone roar that filled the room, shook his head and said philosophically, "Never mind, boys, it has to be." The road commissioner of Mrs. Whipple's choice was eventually appointed.

Mrs. Whipple's first problems in Plymouth as City Commissioner and as Mayor included rats, garbage, trees and liquor. One day, while Ed Wilson was Mayor, she practically fell over a rat in an alley on her way to a meeting of the Commission. "That just goes to show you, Ed Wilson!" she exclaimed, describing this at the meeting. "Plymouth must have a city garbage collection!" Plymouth garbage was at that time collected by two private companies at infrequent intervals and considerable cost to householders. Since her election, Mayor Whipple has persuaded the Commission to buy the two trucks from their owners at a fair price, and turn them over to city use. Plymouth housewives now have their garbage collected regularly and without charge, and they and the truck drivers (some ones who formerly worked for less money for the private companies) are among the Mayor's most vivid supporters. Trees, the second problem, are so great a passion of Mayor Whipple's that she has more than once brought all four Commissioners out to the street from a meeting to discuss the fate of a certain elm or maple. Plymouth people are accustomed to the sight of their Mayor standing under a tree on Main Street with one or all of their governing body, waving her hands and talking fast in an effort

[Continued on Page 46]

Holiday High-Spot...

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FRIED HOLIDAY COOKIES

1 whole egg, 3 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon heavy cream and 1/4 cup dexo lightly beaten together; combine with mixed and sifted 2 cups sifted flour, 1/4 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt and pinch of mace. Mix till smooth; knead until no longer sticky.

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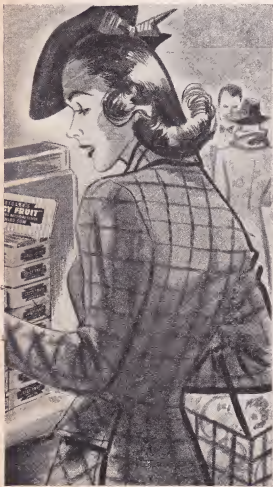
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OAKITE

The gentle
grease-dissolving cleaner

MICHIGAN'S LADY MAYOR

[Continued from Page 15]

to save a certain tree from being cut down. "Heck, Ruth," one of the Commissioners will say, "it obstructs the front of that new movie theater, and it's dying anyway. Prob'ly won't be good for more than four years." Mayor Whipple lost a tree that way only last month when Bob Jolliffe persuaded her it was dying. Mr. Jolliffe chuckles about it now. "Tree was prob'ly good for twenty-five years," he says complacently, "but it just had to come down for business reasons." The Mayor's fight against liquor is blocked by the same kind of bland commercialism. Plymouth has been semi-dry for twenty-five years, you can buy a bottle of liquor at the package store, but none by the glass at a bar, and Mrs. Whipple, descended from a long line of W. C. T. U. workers, wants to keep it that way. Some citizens, whom the Mayor refers to as A Certain Element, would like to see the law altered to permit a bar or two, and they argue that, since people who want a drink can get it by driving to the next town, their money might as well stay in Plymouth. A leader of this faction is, quite naturally, one Fred Schrader, owner of the Mayflower Hotel (50 rooms) and also the town's most prominent undertaker. A couple of years ago, the Wets thought up the idea of forming the Mayflower Club, a private organization with its own liquor license. They planned a big party for New Year's Eve, but Mayor Whipple fixed that, even as they were putting up the decorations. She got hold of a copy of the lease and disclosed to the proper authorities that the Club was in a basement and had no fire exits. She then went to Lansing and had a snappy session with the Liquor Commission, and, just to make sure, she made a speech at Sunday School the next Sunday, telling a group of Methodist women

teachers all about it and adding pointedly that she had happened to learn the names of two men on the Board of Education who were thinking of joining the Club. Their wives, who were present, went home and delivered a few remarks to their husbands over Sunday dinner, and the Mayflower Club, failing to get its license, sadly took down its decorations.

In the eight years since Ruth Whipple has been on the City Commission, Plymouth has reduced its bonded indebtedness eighty per cent and its city tax to \$12.58, the lowest of any city its size in the state. It has established a Zoning Commission and a Planning Commission, has built a municipal parking lot, planted two hundred trees, laid out two new parks, and is working at planting 1,250 lilac shrubs, to realize the Mayor's dream of making Plymouth the City of Lilacs. Most of these accomplishments have been Mrs. Whipple's doing, as well as others concerning milk inspection, road paving, a recreation program, and a budding defense program. She receives no straight salary for her services as Mayor, but a fee ranging from \$3 to \$5 for attending meetings of the City Commission, the Board of Supervisors, the Michigan Municipal League (of which she is the first woman vice-president), and other legislative and governing bodies of which she is a member. Her fees amount to less than \$800 a year. Her day starts at about seven in the morning and seldom ends before midnight, and she is never idle a split second. Besides her duties as Mayor, which include from four to six appointments, fifteen to forty telephone calls, and as many as two speeches a day, she teaches public speaking at the Y. W. C. A., holds a debating class for professional people once a month, acts as consultant on constitutions and bylaws for the League of Women Voters and several other organizations, is an officer of the Plymouth Garden Club and its most consistent winner of blue ribbons, and teaches Sunday School at the Methodist Church every Sunday. She also does the family washing every Tuesday ("no ironing, though," she says firmly), and finds time for domestic errands such as buying shirts for Mr. Whipple and clothes for the boys. She spends at least an hour every afternoon outdoors with her children, taking them ice skating or playing tennis or badminton with them. About once a week she and her husband dress up and drive into Detroit for dinner and a little quiet hoofing at the Book-Cadillac Hotel.

The Mayor's office is in her house, a small, sunny room filled with books, papers, charts, a white cat, and generally Edson and Elmer. Mrs. Whipple's arrival home from some meeting or other, usually laden to the eyes with reports, boxes, bags, and groceries, is the signal for some pretty busy shuffling. The boys shriek for her, Mrs. Froelich, the cook, wants to see her, the telephone rings, a Boy Scout troop, whose Scout mother she is, arrives on the back porch, and a caller is probably waiting in the office. Mrs. Whipple flies around, talking to everybody at once, and smiling calmly through the upsurge. Although Mrs. Froelich does the cooking, she declines to wait on table, so the Mayor always sets the table for dinner, makes the salad, and serves the meal. If the family are alone in the evening, they like to gather around the piano for some music, Mrs. Whipple plays, her husband sings, and the boys make merry with a drum and traps. This autumn, after a typical day's rush, Mrs. Whipple had a birthday party for Edson and sixteen of his pals late one afternoon, and a buffet supper for eighteen people the same night. As the last guest left, around one in the morning, and Mr. Whipple kissed his wife, put out most of the lights and went upstairs to bed, the Mayor hurried into the kitchen and rolled up her sleeves. At one-fifteen, she was putting up jelly.

DANNY

[Continued from Page 16]

happened since he had seen them last. The trouble with people who go away is that when they come back they talk too loud and too fast and too much about what they've been doing, and seem to think that the stay-at-home has done nothing but stay at home. It always made Danny feel kind of funny.

Danny and Dingo wandered across the snow-covered lawn to the chicken coop, which was way down in back of the barn. There were six healthy hens and two proud roosters, and they were Danny's own special possessions. He loved mixing their mush and feeding them and feeling in the nest for the warm brown eggs and watching them peck around the yard at anything or nothing. Danny and Dingo leaned against the wire and looked at the chickens and the chickens came over to the wire and tipped their heads and looked at them. But today even they did not interest Danny. So after counting them to make sure they were all there he and Dingo went around to the front of the house again and sat down on the veranda steps.

Now it had stopped snowing and the sun was beginning to filter through the heavy sky. Drops of water fell from the trees and from the sloping roof of the house and made marks like chicken-pox marks in the snow. The seat of Danny's pants felt cold and wet and unpleasant, but Dingo was sitting on his haunches instead of really sitting so he didn't mind very much.

Suddenly Mother tapped with her wedding ring on the window behind them and motioned come in. When they went around to the back door she was standing there waiting for them.

"Goodness, Danny! You look so unhappy. What is it?"

Before he had time to answer, something on the stove began to sizz and splutter and she rushed away to save it. After that she was so busy basting the turkey and peeling the turnips and potatoes that she didn't have time to repeat the question or forget about it.

Pretty soon they heard the car come into the driveway and Danny went to the window. First Grandmother got out. Grandmother lived just on the other side of town so she wasn't really company. Then came Nance. Then came Rick. They had on their best clothes and you could see at once that they were feeling pretty important on account of traveling alone and having some one meet them at the station. They ran toward the house, their suitcases bumping against their legs. All the way they yelled "Hello! Hello! Hello!" as loud as they possibly could.

That made Dingo bark. He jumped at the back door and barked, then jumped at the front door and barked, then ran in a circle through the house, barking all the way. Everyone crowded into the hot good-smelling kitchen. There was great noise and excitement now and that special holiday feeling was in the air.

Rick looked at Danny. "Well, Danny, still in knee britches I see?" he said.

"And look at those dimples!" said Nance, leaning down to kiss him.

Danny could tell by their faces that they didn't mean to be nasty. They were just glad to see him and didn't want him to know it. He tried to think of something to say about Rick's pants and Nancy's dimples but by that time they were rolling on the floor roughing up Dingo.

The next few hours were terrible confusion. They all fussed and fumbled around in the kitchen helping to prepare Thanksgiving dinner, except Grandmother, who was very formal and considered herself company

[Continued on Page 18]

ANYONE CAN MAKE THEM



A bride or a housewife who is not very lucky at baking, can make crisp, tender corn muffins easily and quickly with Flakorn. Nothing to do except add egg and milk. And the quality ingredients are *precision-mixed* so that sure results can be yours at every baking.

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**WHEN IT RAINS
IT POURS**

COSTS AN AVERAGE FAMILY

ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!

DANNY

[Continued from Page 47]

and wore her eyeglasses on a silver chain around her neck.

But they were all more of a bother than a help. Everything they touched went wrong and Mother had twice as much work in the end. Father wandered around with a polka-dotted apron on and forgot to finish what he started and asked silly questions like where is the butter. Rick described with a swoop of his hands how fat the new English teacher was and spilled almost a whole jug of cider. The turnips that Nance mashed had to be remashed and she lost three spoons in the garbage pail and broke the big yellow mixing bowl.

Danny tried to help too. He washed the grapes all right, but when he asked Mother what else needed doing she lifted her hands and said "Oh Danny" in a tone of voice that meant "You're too little." So he sat on the high stool near the hot stove and sang "Home on the Range" as loud as he could and pretended to be very busy tying and untying his shoelaces.

Grandmother carried a comfortable chair in from the living room and sat in the doorway and watched everything that was going on. She said that was the way to do this, because that was the way she did it, so it was the best and only way. Probably that was what made Mother nervous and almost cross. Dingo stretched his long body plunk in the middle of the kitchen floor and everyone had to step over or walk around him, which certainly didn't help matters any.

Finally the dinner table was set and the vegetables were piled high in the casserole and the pies were cut. And when the big turkey came out of the oven a beautiful golden brown everyone felt suddenly starved. Dingo woke up and followed them into the dining room, then curled his body around under the table and went to sleep again.

They all sat silent for a few minutes, watching Father carve the beautiful turkey. Sitting near the hot stove had made Danny sleepy. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Once again the house was nice and warm and quiet. Then:

"Dibs on a drumstick!"

"Dibs on a drumstick!"

It was Nance and Rick of course. Danny pushed himself upright in his chair, his eyes wide open now. It was his turn to have a drumstick! They must have forgotten. But there was no sense in arguing with those two, and it didn't matter that much to him anyway, at least that's what he told himself. Besides, he had the awful feeling that if he questioned their dibs he might end up with the neck or the pope's nose or maybe no turkey at all!

"We gave Snow White and the Dwarfs at Assembly last week. I was Snow White!"

"I made the water-polo team!"

"I wore the prettiest dresses, and I remembered all my lines perfectly and wasn't the least bit scared or anything!"

"Boy is that a tough game, worse than hockey, Boy!"

"The dwarfs had real pointed shoes and pointed hats and everything."

"Gee, you could kill a guy in that game, easy."

"Dramatic teacher says I was the best Snow White she ever saw, even better than the movies Snow White."

"At practice last week Ben Rogers held Shep Robinson down so long he was sick for two days."

"So maybe I'll be an actress instead of a nurse. Or maybe I'll be both."

"He just threw up everything he ate for two days. Boy! Were we scared when they

dragged him out of the tank. We thought sure he was dead."

"All the kids saw it and the teachers and some of the fathers and mothers and everybody."

And so it went. Nance and Rick jabbered on through the soup and the turkey and the turkey gravy and the turkey stuffing and the turnip and the mashed potatoes and the cranberry sauce and the celery and the cider. Really the best way to tell what Nance said and what Rick said would be to put what Nance said right on top of what Rick said. Like this:

"Our first game will be next—"

"You should have seen Dopey. He—"

"Thursday with Edgewood."

"was really terribly funny."

Of course if it were written that way it would be very difficult to understand. But that was how Mother and Father and Grandmother heard it, and Danny too. Nance was sitting on one side of him and Rick on the other. He kept turning from left to right, trying to listen to both at the same time. It was like trying not to miss anything in all three rings of a three-ring circus.

But Mother and Father had a good time. They laughed so much they couldn't eat and Mother had tears in her eyes from laughing. Even Grandmother seemed to find Nance and Rick funny. But Danny felt completely left out. He felt terribly neglected. He wanted to stand up and shout, "I'm here too!"

But instead, all of a sudden, he heard himself saying, "All my chickens are dead."

At first only Grandmother heard him. "What?" she asked.

Just at that moment Nance and Rick had to take a breath so that they could go on with their stories. And in that moment's silence Danny repeated, "All my chickens are dead."

They all looked at him, their eyes big with surprise.

"What happened to them?" asked Father.

"I don't know. Maybe they died last night, or maybe it was so cold they froze or maybe a dog—" Then he burst into tears. He cried partly because he was really beginning to believe the story himself and the picture of his six healthy hens and two proud roosters lying cold and stiff in the snow was not a happy one. But the main reason for his tears was because he had gotten himself into such an awful mess, and now he didn't know how to get out of it.

"My dear Danny," said Mother. She came and knelt beside him and put her arms tight around him.

Everyone looked at Danny with sadness and sympathy because they knew he loved his chickens. They wanted to do something to help him, but there was nothing they could do. If chickens are dead, then they are dead, that's all.

Then Rick jumped up from his chair. "Let's find out what killed them," he shouted, and he ran out the back door with Father, then Nance and even Grandmother at his heels.

"They've gone out without their boots and coats! They'll catch cold," cried Mother, and she hurried after them to call them back.

From his place at the dinner table Danny could see all four of them running lickety-split across the snow-covered lawn toward the chicken coop. It had all happened very fast, so fast that even Dingo was left behind. Now he was scratching at the back door, anxious to follow them, his eyes turned to Danny.

"No sir, boy, I'm going to need you," answered Danny, as he got up from the table, leaving his piece of beautiful Thanks-

giving pumpkin pie almost whole on his plate. He went up the stairs and into his bedroom and Dingo followed close behind with his tail drooping because he could smell something terribly wrong in the air. He and Danny climbed up on the big bed and Danny buried his face in his arms and cried as though he'd never be able to stop. Telling that crazy lie had upset him so much that he had forgotten why he had told it. Now he was sure that he was a hopelessly bad guy—the kind of guy that everyone hates and who ends up in Sing Sing probably.

The back door banged and Danny and Dingo lifted their heads to listen. They could hear the family coming in one by one, stamping their feet angrily to stamp off the snow. Rick's words came up to them sharp and clear:

"But why does he make up such dumb stories? He must have known we'd find out!"

"I don't know, I don't understand it. I don't know what to do—" That was Mother. She sounded very sad and helpless.

"He gets worse every day!" It was Father's voice. "He's probably sitting in his room giggling."

"I'm sure a good old-fashioned spanking would cure him!" That was Grandmother of course.

"Danny is just an awful liar, that's all there is to it!" It was Nancy, muttering into words what everyone was thinking.

Then they all went into the dining room, and the two on the bed upstairs could hear the clatter of forks against the plates that held the golden Thanksgiving pumpkin pie. Danny dropped his head and buried his face in his arms again and cried awful sobs that came from deep inside, from deeper than you'd think an eleven-year-old boy could be. Dingo sat up and did silly kittenish tricks and tried to cheer him that way but it didn't seem to help. Then he settled his long brown body close beside Danny and lapped away his salty tears, but this sympathy made his friend cry even harder. So finally Dingo snuggled his nose in his paws and cried a little too.

KNIGHT HAWK

[Continued from Page 2]

5:30 a. m. A young man by the name of Jerry Lawrence is the producer-announcer of this owl trick. At 1:58 you'll find Jerry in his compact little studio, reading the news flashes out loud to himself and getting ready to go on the air. For the new type of all-night program does not content itself with merely playing "The Hut Sut Song" for "The boys in Wally's Bar and Grill" or "Carry Me Back To Old Virginia" in response to a telegram from "Lonesome" in Kansas City.

Every hour on the hour Jerry reads the latest news flashes for wide-awake people who want to know what's going on around the world. At 3:15 he plays a fifteen-minute recording of the day's "Here's Morgan" program. (Morgan is the satiric iconoclast I suggested you listen to, last month.) At 3:30 Cy Walters, a brilliant pianist, drops in and plays the latest numbers—real, live talent. At 1 o'clock Jerry produces his own "Nocturne," a dreamy, semi-"high-brow" program of poetry with a musical background. If you missed a Joe Louis fight because you were nursing a fathe in an airplane factory when the first bell rang, Jerry will bring you the whole recorded fight while you're driving home or eating your morning "cereal." Or if the President makes a speech, or some noteworthy sports event takes the air while you are sleeping during the afternoon, you can hear a rebroadcast of the affair when you tune in to "Moonlight Saving Time."

And it's not only defense workers who listen in night after night. Jerry gets letters and telegrams from truck drivers,

[Continued on Page 30]



"Let's sleuth on 'em!"



THESE OLD-TIME COOKS aren't magicians! But there's *some* reason why their cakes look and taste like something made in heaven. Why are their cakes so light, so fine-textured, and so *extra* delicious in flavor? In all probability, one peek at one of them at work will give you the answers!



IF YOU BAKE CAKES, you probably use a special cake flour. Well—use a special baking powder, too. Use *Royal*! Royal has been the good cook's stand-by for more than four generations. Ordinary baking powder may be all right for ordinary baking. But light, moist, fine-textured cakes need a special leavening action to bring out the best in them. Use *Royal*—it's the *special* baking powder for cakes.

IMPORTANT!

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ROYAL CROWN COLA

6

BIG BOTTLES

12 FULL GLASSES

25¢

PER BOTTLE



KNIGHT HAWK

[Continued from Page 49]

scrubwomen, lunchroom countermen, army camps, nurses, sick people, post-office workers and wives who keep the same hours as their defense-work husbands, so that they may have a home life as normal as possible, even though it is an upside-down existence.

"Since reception is best at that time of night his voice is heard from Quebec to Miami and out to Omaha, Iowa City and Kansas City. He has 4,000 recordings of music from five to grand opera to play for telegraphed requests, and a contraption called a "Wheeler" which enables him to find any record with a flip of his hand. Through a window you can watch the engineer manipulating three turntables, pulling switches, watching the clock and following Jerry's signals in a mirror, all at the same time.

Jerry knows how his listeners feel about things because he, naturally, has to lead the same life they do. He has breakfast at 2:30 p. m. when he gets up, luncheon at 7:00, and dinner at 5:00 a. m. This makes him feel very sympathetic with the woman who wrote: "You talk about music for defense workers—I'm doing all-out production myself at 2:00 a. m. I have a one-month-old daughter who has to be fed at that time and your program keeps me company. My husband is a military attaché in London, so will you play for my baby, 'Daddy, won't you please come home.'"

Many factories allow "Moonlight Saving Time's" music to be played while work is

going on. Workers hear the hit tunes and rebroadcasts on their way to and from work and while relaxing at home. Recently WOR sent researchers into hundreds of homes to find out what kind of people make up all-night audiences and where they listen. To prove that this field is not confined, as formerly, to bibulous parties, nocturnal burglars and hot-dog wagons, they discovered that 43% of the late-night listeners hear the program at home after their jobs are over, 36% listen in their cars en route to work and suburbs, 13% listen at work and only 8% listen in restaurants.

So, as you see, there is something new in radio. In place of the daytime beehive of activity which is WOR from morning until night, "Moonlight Saving Time" goes on the air with only three engineers on duty, four men at the transmitter, Jerry Lawrence and an assistant at the mike, and a few cleaning women and piano tuners scattered through the offices and studios. But even when the defense program is ended and that man over there has been put where he belongs, it may well be that the all-night programs will have become a fixture from coast to coast.

Then the trouble will be to stay 24 hours a day and you can sleep any time you want to without fear of missing Jack Benny or Bob Hope. The electric light companies will get rich, babies won't be able to sleep and night clubs will operate in the daytime.

And I'll probably have to write two radio columns a month. Oh well—

HERE IS OUR INHERITANCE

[Continued from Page 9]

our inheritance scorched in the smoke, blown to bits or sunk beneath the sea. Year after year we pray for less sorrow in the world, less man-made pain, for more kindness, for more tolerance, for more respect for man. Death is all around us, we long to tell you that life is stronger than death and will survive it.

Therefore we cherish those legends which speak to us of immortality, which celebrate the triumph of day over night. And our happiest festivals are those which celebrate the light. It shines behind us in the past, tiny and clear in the darkness, it glows with mercy and hope, courage, love and devotion. It is the light of Man himself upon this earth, it is the light of life.

The festival we keep today is for the birth of Christ, the Son of Man, the gentle Saviour. We keep it in the old way, as our fathers did before us, with the same solemn and joyful songs, the candles and the tree, the star, the shepherds worshipping. It is a festival for children, as Jesus was a child, and it is the loveliest of all festivals, for through it we celebrate all that is gentlest and kindest in man. For a moment we forget our quarrels, we forget the envy and the pain, the evil and the grief. We remember, instead, the angels who came upon a midnight clear, the Child who smiled in the manger, and we hear God's voice comforting us forever. Peace, mercy and loving kindness, hope, faith and charity, these are what we remember, these are what give life its beauty and its meaning, these are what we need. They return, to us now, they are strong in our hearts, they come to us from the past and we hand them on to our children. We pass on to them the precious gift of Christmas which will not change, wars have not altered it, the fall of empires have left it untouched, the Christmas angel smiles from the top of the tree, no matter who is Caesar.

We will render Caesar his due later through the rest of the year. But now we render to God what is His. Here before the tree there is only love, the voices of children

singing their Christmas carols touch our hearts, and we sing too, remembering our childhood and the parents who sang along with us. What innocent hopes, desperately held and easily satisfied, fill those childish breasts as they are filled with the fullness of goodness is there, how full of kindness the earth from which comes the sparkling tree loaded with gifts. For a little while our ancestors, ourselves, and our children are one, we join with them in a community of spirit, we tread a path worn smooth by many feet, we rest for a moment in the family acre.

Here, more than anywhere in the world, is our inheritance, here is what has come down to us from our grandfathers. We did not create it ourselves, we did not earn it, it was set aside for us long ago by those who went before, and for that reason we do not wish any changes made in it. Each detail of Christmas is old and worn with use, each detail is sacred to us. This is what our fathers had when they were children, and this is what our children's children will have—the tree, the log, the gifts, the pudding, the songs, the stockings by the fire, even the round-bellied Santa Claus. It is a family festival. And because it has always been a family festival, because all over the world, generation after generation, parents and children have celebrated it together, it draws us now into a single family, ourselves and our neighbors, our children and theirs, those still unborn and those long dead, who also as children were here before we were, worshipped the angel on the bough and loved the little Child asleep in the manger.

It is the old dominion. The rest of our inheritance may be wider or grander, but it cannot be more lovely. The boundless acres of our estate are still covered with brambles against which children wear our hearts, our property is full of trouble, difficulty and pain. But here in the oldest acre is only love, and kindness and happy remembering. Here is the immortality of man, fashions and alliances may change, Caesar may have another name, but love is endless and will endure.

before and couldn't get up. (Before moving into town he had lived in a poor little house near Millbrook where fiddling had been his chief and harshly criticized occupation.)

My father looked anxious and said he didn't think William had seemed very well. "He ain't never seemed well," said my mother decisively, "since he's been here. If he has got a rupture—"

"If he's got a rupture," my father cut in irritably, "and work'n' like he's been, he's a turnip bigger folk 'n I thought he was."

My mother said, "I hope it ain't Cinny."

It was Cinny, William came early in the afternoon. He looked as if he hadn't slept in a week or eaten anything in a month, which, as it was proved, was not so far from the truth. He put the horses in the barn, backed the buggy into the shed (it was still good weather, although cold, and the roads bare), and came slowly to the house. He had on a long flapping overcoat reaching to his ankles and very much patched and darned. On his head he wore the same old felt cap he had worn a year ago, the flap of which was drawn over his ears. His hands felt, bare and red below the ragged edge of his sleeves. The soles of his boots were loose. He seemed to limp, or to favor one side more than the other. I wondered if he was getting a stitch.

My mother and the aunts were washing dishes. My father sat in his armchair by a window studying the almanac. He had just remarked that this was unusually fine weather for the time of year but we could look for a storm soon.

They saw William drive in. My mother opened the door and started back. "William!" she cried. "What's the matter?"

Aunt Hamner, with a tea towel in one hand and a blue willow-ware teapot in the other, turned to stare. Aunt Sophrony took her hands from the soapy water, dried them on the roller towel and came forward. My father

COUSIN WILLIAM

[Continued from Page 13]

dropped the almanac and rose. William's eyes dragged from one to the other. He seemed unable to speak.

"Here!" My mother laid hold of his coat. "Take this off and," with a look of distress at his boots, "put your feet in the oven." She pushed him toward the chair that Aunt Sophrony was dragging forth.

"No, no." William was pushing them away, gently. "I just come out to fetch the horses. I'm afraid I can't finish up."

"You sick, William?" my mother leaned forward anxiously.

"No." Cousin William all but whispered. He shoved the cap up from his ears, and his body sagged more than ever. He shivered a little. "It's Cinny," he said, and took off his cap and ran it through his hands.

My mother began to untie her apron. Instinctively she was preparing to go. Aunt Hamner set the blue teapot on the table and hung the towel up. It was Aunt Sophrony who came forward and laid her plump white arm around William's shoulders. His sandy moustaches fell to his chin. His lip quivered.

"Tell us, William," said Aunt Sophrony gently, "What's the matter with Cinny? Is she very sick?"

William nodded. His Adam's apple bobbed heavily up and down. He said, struggling, "The doctor's afraid . . . it's diphthery."

They fell back as one, their faces stricken. My mother went to the bedroom door.

"Hamner," she said, "you and Sophrony stay and look after Delly and Lijer. I'm going home with William."

"Nonsense!" Aunt Hamner was whipping off her apron, folding it up. "I got a horse 'n' buggy my own. My" lifting her voice to attract my mother in her bedroom, "you

come here." My mother came out, holding a nightgown in her hands. "Now," said Aunt Hamner, commandingly, "you listen to me, all of you." This, said her manner, is the hour for which I was born. "Here 'n' I strong as a horse. I ain't afraid of diphthery nor—" her voice, the lift of her nose and the glint of her eye, defied the very regions from which disease might come and its evil sponsor as well. "I'm going home with William."

Cousin William was struggling for speech. Misery sat heavily upon him.

"Aunt Hamner," he said swallowing, until the Adam's apple ran up and down like a squirrel in a cage, "I—I ought to tell you—we—we don't live very good."

She stared at him until he dropped his eyes. In them, in the desperate lines of his lips, she read the anguish of shame. She saw her own full larder, her own packed cellar and all the cellars, buttries, bins and shelves of every other Thompson in the family. She wilted before his eyes, but almost instantly regained her masterful poise.

"William," she said busily, "you go and hitch up Horatius." (Horatius was my Aunt Hamner's own horse, a confirmed cribber for which she had swapped with my Uncle Frank, a handsome little black mare but evil minded and balky.)

"Put in plenty oats," my father told William as he went out, and added, "I'll fetch in a jag of hay and things tomorrow." My mother was filling a basket with eggs and butter.

Aunt Hamner, moving competently about the room, looked up to see Aunt Sophrony, warmly cloaked, correctly bonneted, and pulling gloves on her hands.

"For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed with scowling brows. "Where you going?"

Aunt Sophrony replied with composure, "With you, of course. You don't s'pose I'm

[Continued on Page 52]

Make this FULL FLAVOR Eggnog Pie for the holidays, folks. It's wonderful!

SAYS AUNT JENNY

"SUCH dainty delicate-tastin' fillin'—you'll love it, but don't risk smotherin' it with crust that's even a mite off-flavor. Be sure to use purer Spry. Spry gives grand FULL FLAVOR cakes, too. Yet it costs only about half what expensive cake shortenin' does!"



EGGNOG PIE

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 teaspoon gelatin | 8 egg yolks, beaten |
| 1 tablespoon cold water | 1 tablespoon butter |
| 1 cup milk | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1 cup heavy cream, whipped |
| 2 tablespoons cornstarch | 1 baked Spry Pie Shell |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | Nutmeg |

Soak gelatin in cold water. Scald milk in top of double boiler. Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt and mix thoroughly. Add to scalded milk as a custard until thick and smooth, then cook 15 minutes longer, stirring constantly.

Stir a small amount of mixture into beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook a few minutes longer. Add nutmeg. Add butter. Cool. Add vanilla. Fold whipped cream into custard mixture. Pour into baked pie shell. Sprinkle top generously with nutmeg. Garnish with pastry stars or turkeys. Chill pie until ready to serve.

SPRY PIE SHELL

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 7 tablespoons Spry |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt | 3 tablespoons cold water |
- Sift flour and salt together. Add 1/2 of Spry and cut in until mixture is as fine as meal. Add remaining Spry and continue to mix until particles are size of a large pea. Sprinkle water gradually over mixture. With a fork, work lightly together until a dough is formed.

Roll dough 3/4-inch thick and prick with a fork (for baked pie shell only). Place dough in 9-inch pan and let relax 5 minutes. Pat with ball of dough. Trim pastry 1/2-inch larger than pan and turn back edge. Flute rim. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

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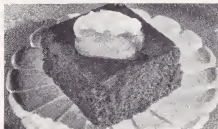
SO EASY TO GET

EXTRA IRON

IN THESE
DELICIOUS
FOODS



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COUSIN WILLIAM

[Continued from Page 51]

going to let you go down there to try out any your outlandish notions about cooking on them, do you? You can run things and help Angie and look after William. I'll do the cooking."

They were off. Cousin William sitting between the two dignified black bonneted ladies, his old felt cap pulled over his ears, a wolf robe, with red flannel lining (Aunt Hanner's) over their collective knees. We stood in the door, watching as they went, Horatus' gaunt figure, under William's urgent hands, clipping along the frozen road.

On Saturday my father took a jag of hay, a bushel of corn, some oats for Aunt Hanner's horse as well as provender for the family, and went to town. My mother and I went along. It was a bright, cold morning with frost in the air but as yet no sign of snow. We went in the Democrat, protected by robes and old comfortables. William, on leaving, had told how to find their place.

"It ain't a place I'd take if I could do better, Uncle 'Lijer," he said apologetically, "but in terms the best it could do." My father was silent. He was silent when we drove up to the place with our load. It was a dirty, brown street, not far from the prison wall. My father stopped the horses and studied the houses along the line. Across the street was a high board fence. There were a lot of children in the street. My father motioned to a boy.

"Bub," he said, "you know where a man, name Thompson lives along here?"

The boy's face grew sharp. He asked, "His little girl sick?"

My father nodded.

"She ain't dead yet," said the boy, turning to point out a house further on. "We're waiting for her to bring 'er out. They have to bury 'em right away and—"

My father slapped the horse's rumps with the lines and my mother drew her knitted hood closer around her face.

In front of the house my father stopped the team and put the lines in my mother's mitted hands.

"They'll stand," he said and started up the walk. Cousin William opened the door. He stepped outside. A brisk, cold wind was blowing and he pulled up his coat collar. His thin, sandy hair was badly in need of a barber's shears and blew about his head. His eyes were red.

"You just go to the end of the street, Uncle 'Lijer," he said, "and turn down till you come to the alley and drive in."

He was at the alley door of the barn and at an opposite door were Aunt Hanner and Aunt Sophrony looking in. Horatus nickered. They talked. Angie, they said, would not leave Cinny for a minute. Her throat was swelled full. She suffered awful.

When they had unloaded the wagon, my father got back in. "If," he said, "you can think of any thing—"

"Yes," said Aunt Hanner with her usual decisive manner, "you can fetch some more eggs and milk and butter. 'Miry, you might bake some bread." Both my father and mother looked grateful.

All the different members of the Family came in from time to time to take something to William's folks, or sent things. Adelaide and Gran'ma Reed sent sheets and old soft cloths and quilts. Everybody sent food.

Winter had now set in with heavy snow and winds that drifted it. Almost every day either my father or David H. went to town with milk and eggs and things for William. For David H. had come along one day, perfectly sober and seemingly quite recovered from his sojourn in the Slough of Despond.

He said he had heard about William's trouble and he'd like to stay. My father said he could. So he stayed.

One night my father came home looking so blue and cold that we were scared. When he had got warmed and supper eaten, my father said, "That little boy next door, the one I talked to—died today." He blew his nose noisily. Then he cleared his throat and added, "They said she can't outlast the night unless there's a miracle."

But Cinny lasted through the night. One day she would be a little better and the next they thought she was gone.

Doc Babcock, they said, had put a tube right through Cinny's neck, cut a gash and put this tube in and was barely keeping her alive that way. Aunt Hanner told my folks they had all given up, all but Doc Babcock.

One day it was almost dark when we heard David H. coming home. My father had taken a cold and David H. had gone in his place.

My mother was putting a easter in the center of the bed. She held it out stiff and rigid. David drove up to the yard and hollered "Whoo." My mother sat the easter down and leaned both hands on the table. My father flung the door wide open and David H. strode in.

"She's better!" He shouted the words at the top of his lungs and then, sensing their meaning, repeated in a more normal tone, "She's better!"

My mother's knees gave out and she literally fell into a chair and put her head on the table and sobbed. My father went out with David H. to take care of the horses and do the chores.

One day shortly after that, a pleasant, sparkling Saturday when all the world was covered with snow, my father let me go to town with him. No one could go into William's house yet, but Aunt Hanner came out to talk and Angie waved her hand at the window.

"Well," she said, warmly, "I got an idea." "Well," said my father dryly, "things must be lookin' up."

"They be!" said Aunt Hanner brightly, and added, "I want to get William's folks out o' here."

My father glanced at the brown, grimy house, the grimy street and high board fence opposite and said, "They never ought to 've been here."

Aunt Hanner pulled the shawl up further over her head and held it with one hand.

She did not meet his eyes. "What I want," she said, "is to take 'em home with me. Doc Babcock said William did have a rupture and a cold." She said Doc had fixed him out with a truss and said he'd have to do something that was light and easy whether it was fiddlin' for dances or going fishin' or what. She sounded defiant, and added, "I want to keep 'em for Christmas—or longer."

"Wa-al," said my father, his eyes smiling on her gently, "what's to hinder?"

"Noddin'," said Aunt Hanner briefly, "Not a thing in the world. We talked it over, before we knew. Whichever way it went, we wanted to take 'em home."

My father picked up a piece of hay from the bottom of the buggy and put it in his mouth. "Then 'd you callate mebbe you could move 'em?"

"Doc Babcock says we could carry her in a week, careful."

"What he think of the idee?"

"He says she ought to be where he can look after her." Adding anxiously, "What you think?"

"I think," said my father, gathering up the lines, "it's a good idee, if we don't get a 'better." And drove off, leaving Aunt Hanner looking mystified and exasperated.

The next day, Sunday, Uncle Frank's folks came to our house. Aunt Cathern opened her carpet bag and took from it a neat bundle of clothing. Her face, a little saggy at the jaws, shone with benevolent design.

"My!" she said happily, "I'm so glad to hear about Cinny, that I wanted to do something right away. So I hunted out all 'Mellie's' clothes she's outgrown." (Aunt Cathern and Uncle Frank, prosperous farm people and well-fixed were notoriously "nigh".)

My mother was looking down at the neatly laid pile on the table. She did not touch them. My father also eyed the bundle coldly. Aunt Cathern sensed the lack of enthusiasm.

"Don't you think William'll be pleased, 'Lijer?" she asked, a little irritation rising in her voice.

"Wa-al," my father spoke with judicial leisure, "he might—if we didn't think of something better."

Uncle Frank had hung away his cap and overcoat. He came forward with a sly smile on his face.

"I got a little idee my own," he said smoothly. "Thought I'd come over and see what you think."

"Lot of ideas flyin' around," said my father unsmiling, "sence snow come." Everybody looked out the window. "What's yours?"

"Wa-al," Uncle Frank drew out a chair, sat down and stuck his feet toward the chunk stove, "you remember William wanted me to go his note for five hundred dollars, so's he could buy that little place where he lived?"

My father nodded his head. "Seem to rec'lect something of the sort," he said grimly. Aunt Cathern and my mother had drawn up rocking chairs.

My father said, "Go ahead. What's your idee?"

"Wa-al," Uncle Frank looked increasingly pleased with himself, "I wondered what you'd think of my takin' that note on that place William wanted now?" (Cousin William had wanted to buy the little farm where they had formerly lived and had asked Uncle Frank to go his note for \$500.)

My father's eyebrows bridled over angry eyes. "You think it's any better resk," he said, icily, "now?"

Uncle Frank fidgeted. "No," he said, grinning foolishly, "but I thought if 'twas so 't William had a bad rupture—"

"He had it," my father told him, "last summer." Uncle Frank looked more uncomfortable.

"Wa-al," said Uncle Frank, uncrossedly, "long and short of it is, I felt kind of sorry for William. After all he does b'long to the Family."

"Hn-m-m," said my father with sand in his voice. "Seemed to be quite a lot of the Family didn't 'pear to think so."

"You was one of 'em," Uncle Frank reminded him on an accusatory smile.

"I was one of 'em," my father admitted.

Uncle Frank found his subject heavy going, but went on manfully. "Wa-al, what you think of the idee?"

"I'd think," said my father, nodding his bald head agreeably, "it was a good idee, if we didn't have a better one." He rose and stepped—jauntily, for him, to a big cherry bureau that stood in the room. The top drawer (deeper than all the rest) was exclusively his. Here he kept special seeds, fish hooks, suspender buttons, huskin' pin and other personal paraphernalia.

From it he took a huge leather wallet. He untied its ancient strings and extracted a folded foolscap sheet. He unfolded it and one saw a beautifully scribed paragraph in my father's exquisitely shaded hand.

"So far," said he, slowly, savoring his words, "it ain't only an idee. But I sounded out the Family, some of 'em, that is," he added modestly, "and they think well of it."

(Continued on Page 54)

LOOK DADDY!

**Janie's Gained
Another 3 Pounds!**



Why, just a few months ago the child looked almost puny! Remember, how we thought she'd never fill out? Then I got that tip about giving her big, steaming bowls of Mother's Oats for breakfast. She loved it! Soon the

skippy breakfast problem was solved—without coaxing. It didn't take long to see the difference. And I've learned, too, that besides helping build strong bodies Mother's Oats is also superior in healthful benefits for the whole family.



**I'll tell you why whole-grain
Mother's Oats is truly a
"SUPER BREAKFAST"**

I Give It to Them Hot—because 136 out of 142 leading dieticians said they believe the hot cereal's best for families like mine. And hot Mother's Oats gives us a triple-rich* source of that great anti-fatigue vitamin, Thiamin (B₁), that we all need daily—for tops in energy and good looks. And what's more delicious than a big, steaming bowl of Mother's Oats?

Whole-Grain Mother's Oats has so many Supers for your family! Rich in proteins for building firm muscles (not fat)! Rich in food energy! And it's super economical! A big bowlful costs only half a penny. So delicious—so easy to prepare. Quick Mother's Oats is ready as fast as your coffee! Get the big, thrifty package today at your grocer's!

*In proportion to calories

MOTHER'S OATS

AMERICA'S SUPER BREAKFAST FOOD



"I Make Them Both the Same"

 <p>1. My twin aunts were lithe and wiry and stout, But washing windows sure petered them out.</p>	 <p>2. They'd never have needed to suffer like this If they'd known about Windex like this little miss.</p>
 <p>3. Spray it on. Wipe it off. In a split-sec you're through And the glass gleams and beams, and so, Ma'am, <i>do you.</i></p>	 <p>4. And Windex contains no dust-catching oil, Keeps windows clean longer, cuts down future toil.</p>

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WINDEX

NOW NEVER OVER 15¢

for handy-size bottle anywhere in U.S.A. Ask your dealer about the new reduced price... also about big 20-oz. economy size.

Copy, 1944, The Drinkett Co.

M-m-m-m... GINGER BREAD!



and ginger bread
for the holidays is
so easy to make with
DUFF'S Ginger Bread MIX

Just
**ADD WATER
MIX • BAKE**
That's all!



For The HOLIDAY SEASON
NUT GINGER BREAD
with FOAMY SAUCE

DIRECTIONS: Just add 1 cup of
nut meats to 1 package of DUFF'S
cup lukewarm water, milk, and bake.

To Make Foamy Sauce
Beat one whole egg thoroughly
Add 1 cup XXXX sugar
Beat 1/2 cup cream and fold care-
fully into above.
Flavor with 1/2 teaspoon vanilla,
lemon, or almond flavoring.
Garnish with red and green
dots.

**Ask for DUFF'S
Ginger Bread MIX**

I KNEW HER WHEN...



DEAR EDITORS: Here is a picture of Nancy Kelly, one of Hollywood's youngest featured players. A glance at the photo will tell you it was taken quite a few years ago. However, Nancy's face hasn't changed, with the exception that the bangs are missing. It's hard to believe she is all "grown up" now and married to Edmond O'Brien, who is also in pictures. Her latest picture is "Parachute Battalion."

FRANCES T. JACKSON
Jamaica, New York

If you have a snapshot of a movie star, taken before he or she became famous, send it with a short letter to WOMAN'S DAY. Please be sure to send the original picture as we cannot use newspaper or magazine reproductions. Each month the letter and picture which are best in the opinion of the editors, will be published and \$5 paid to the sender.

COUSIN WILLIAM

[Continued from Page 53]

I thought, though, seen's William already give you first chance, 'twas only fair to let you put your name to the top, I left room."

Uncle Frank took the sheet gingerly. He walked closer to the window, held the paper to the light and squinted.

"What's this?" he fumed, after a hurried scanning. "What is this?"

"My idee," said my father, smooth as a pig's ear, "is to give him the place, all of us together. Make him a Christmas present."

"You givin' him a hundred dollars?" Uncle Frank's eyes bored into the figures on the paper.

My father nodded his white fringed head. "Tain't nowheres near enough," he said, neglecting to mention that it was also about all he could raise, "considering what he done for me as a relative."

Uncle Frank looked sick. He read the paragraph again. Aunt Cathern said, "What is it? What's it all about?"

My father took the paper from Uncle Frank's hand and gave it to her.

Aunt Cathern said, "For heaven's sake, Frank! What you goin' to do?"

My mother's lips had a little secret quirk. "You figger," said Uncle Frank, twisting his fingers nervously, "the rest 'll all sign?"

"Matt's signin' up for \$200. So's Big Jim and Adelaide. Sophrony a hundred and you can bet Hamner won't let you get ahead of her."

"How much you goin' to need?"

"We get the place for \$500. On what's practically signed up we got—say you give \$300."

"Three hundred!" Uncle Frank cackled. "Why, I ain't got three hundred—"

"Well, two hundred then."

"Why, you got nigh a thousand dollars!"

"We callated 'twould come to that," my father agreed smoothly. "They got to get through the winter. They ain't got no clothes." His eyes drifted for a moment to Aunt Cathern's neat little pile and away.

"The house 'll need some fixin', and he's got to get his garden planted."

"I thought he wouldn't work," interrupted Aunt Cathern skeptically.

"He'll work," my father assured her confidently, "when he's got something to work for."

Uncle Frank lit the pen handle, wet the pen, dipped it in ink, shuffled his feet and finally wrote opposite his name—\$200.

They bought the little farm. My father said it wasn't much of a place, but it was convenient—to the rest of the Family! My mother smiled at that, her little secret smile.

The women of the Family were going to clean the house and put some things in. Adelaide had a brand new rag carpet that had never been down, big enough for the front room. Aunt Sophrony said she'd give 'em the quilt that always took the prize at the County Fair—she's tired seeing it around, and there was furniture enough over the wood shed to furnish a hotel.

And Aunt Hamner said, "I'm going to give Horatius to William. He said once he knew how to cure a cribber, and there's his chance. It's time he had a new horse anyway."

Uncle Matt said he could let him have a cow well 's not, and Big Jim said he put down twice as much salt pork this year as usual, 'count the price was low, and he'd send over a small barrel.

Well, the plan was this: Doc Balcock said Cimmy could go, if it didn't turn too cold and they'd bundle her up. They were going to pretend that William and Angie and Cimmy were all going to Aunt Hamner's.

Aunt Hamner told William she'd always wished they had a good man around to do chores, and William had looked pleased and said if she thought he could earn their salt—

My father and mother and I were going in town to get them and take them, ostensibly to Aunt Hanner's, but really to their own home. My father said he didn't know what kind of a mix-up they'd get into but they'd have to trust to luck.

The rest of the relations were going to have the house all warmed and fixed, and they were to have a big family dinner at Adelaide's on Christmas Day.

Nobody was going to be in the house when they got there but just Aunt Sophrony. Even Aunt Hanner said she'd stay to home and wait, because my father and mother and I were going to stay all night and all day Christmas with her and Aunt Sophrony.

Well, it turned out to be a nice day, not too cold, not windy or stormy although it snowed a little when we started out, big feathery flakes that lit on the blanket and stayed long enough to let you see whether there were ever two alike, which there weren't, and then blinked out.

My father took the big bobbed and filled it half full of fresh clean straw. Then they put in a little feather bed and a pillow and blankets to make a bed for Cinny. I was so excited I hadn't slept much the night before so I fell asleep sitting between my father and mother on the high spring seat.

Cousin William was looking out of the window with his cap and overcoat on. They came out in no time at all, Angie with an old battered valise in one hand and a bottle of warm milk for Cinny in the other, together with a heated sophrone. William was carrying Cinny who was no more than a roll of blankets and comfortable with a little red knitted hood sticking out. I longed unspeakably to have just a glimpse of her, and Angie understood.

"She ain't asleep, Delly," she said. "You want to peek at her?" They were putting her

into the bed in the sleigh, and Cousin William held her up. "Hello, Delly," said a thin little piping voice and then they laid her down and Angie put a veil over her face. I could not speak, for the lump in my throat and the tears rolling down my face, and yet I could not realize what it meant to William and Angie to be carrying her that way, to love and life and her own home.

"Cousin William sat up straight as a ramrod with his back against our seat, keeping the blankets over Cinny, and Angie too. For Angie, quite worn out with care and fearful anxiety, had laid down beside Cinny and both of them slept all the way.

William must have dozed too, for he talked but little and did not notice when we skipped the turn that would have led to Aunt Hanner's and Aunt Sophrony's house.

My mother said softly to my father, "We must be 'most there." Her voice sang like the telegraph poles when you laid your ear against them. My father took the long limber horse from its socket and pointed. Across a field, on another road shone the lights from a little house. The horses caught the sound of the whip and, unused to such persuasion, jumped. William, startled, turned and spoke.

"Guess I dozed. We gettin' 'most there, Uncle 'Lijer?"

"Just about," said my father. "Just about the time I thought, too."

Angie stirred and William leaned over her. She sat up and said, "Well! Look how I've slept! And Cinny never woke up to have her milk."

Cinny tried to wriggle inside the blankets. William said, "Poppy's girl tired? Want to sit up?"

Cinny said, "Delly?"

"Delly's here," her mother said. "We're

almost to Aunt Hanner's house now. Delly 'll be there too."

The little house, sitting like a squat plump hen beside the road, was right in front. My father drove in up to the door.

William, with Cinny in his arms stepped over the side of the box sled onto the path. Angie followed him. Then they stood and stared. Even in the night they knew the house. My father was on the ground. Aunt Sophrony came and opened the door. She took Cinny out of William's arms and said, "Welcome home, Cousin William and Cousin Angie—supper's ready." Then she went in with Cinny.

Cousin William said sternly, "Uncle 'Lijer, what does this mean? This ain't Aunt Hanner's house."

"No," said my father, stamping a little gleefully, in the snow. "Not by a long shot, it ain't! It ain't nobody's, but yours and Angie's. You go 'long in now and get your supper, you'll find the deed on the table."

Cousin William took off his old felt cap and held out his hand.

"Uncle 'Lijer," he said, but he couldn't say any more. Angie was crying with her head against William. William put his arm around her. My father got into the sleigh and we clipped it off to Aunt Hanner's.

We turned to look back. There sat the little squat house like a brooding hen, light shining all through and over her like warm comforting feathers, and onto the snow that snuggled around her like a nest.

They were holding Cinny up to the window. Her hood was off and her mittens. Her face, I thought, was like that of the little angel's on a Cologne blotting card my father got for me when he went to the drugstore. She waved little white hands that looked like the snowflakes that had fallen on our robe, except that they didn't, thank God! blink out.

BOBBY'S FIRST BUCKWHEATS



GET BOTH—THE YELLOW BOX FOR BUCKWHEATS...THE RED BOX FOR PANCAKES AND WAFFLES

HOORAY
Time fo' dat
feast of feasts—
tangy, **OL'-TIME**
BUCKWHEATS!

TRY THIS PLANTATION STYLE BUCKWHEAT BREAKFAST!

Fresh or Stewed Fruit
AUNT JEMIMA
BUCKWHEAT CAKES
Butter Syrup or Honey
Pan Broiled Little Pig Sausages
Coffee

You can whisk this breakfast together in a jiffy. Aunt Jemima's secret recipe is ready-mixed for you. Yes—M-a-a-m!...Just add milk or water, mix, and pour 'em on the griddle. Tender and digestible as they are de-licious.

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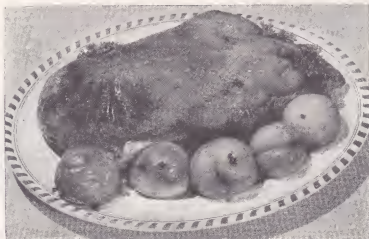
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ROAST DUCK FOR SUNDAY DINNER

Roast Duck with Celery Stuffing
 Spiced Peaches Pan Browned Sweet Potatoes
 White Turnips and Peas
 Romaine with French Dressing
 Rolls Butter
 Deep Dish Apple Pie
 Coffee Milk

Because ducks are plentiful and reasonable they make good roasts for small families. Some people don't like duck because they object to the fat and say the bird is hard to carve. Properly cooked, there is no excess fat and the meat almost falls away from the bone. We prick the skin all over with a fork before we roast the duck, making hundreds of little holes for the fat to drain out, jab-

bing the fork in deep where the fat is heavy underneath and around the tail, and close into the body near the wings and legs. We stuff the duck with sauerkraut, or a dry savory stuffing with lots of celery. Then we place it on a rack in a roasting pan and roast it in a moderate oven, 350° F., (no water in cover) for 2½ to 3 hours. Remember it takes long slow cooking to get rid of the fat and keep the meat tender and juicy.

If there are 1 people to be served, cut the duck in quarters. Four people can usually manage to eat up a 5½-pound duck at one meal. But if you serve only three and have a little bit left over, take all the meat off the bones and add it to hot gravy for sandwiches. Of course there's always Duck Soup; but if you use sauerkraut for the stuffing, the carcass will not make a good soup.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO SNAG THIS MAN?

[Continued from Page 15]

ideas and tendencies. The bell rings and you whip down, ready for some dreamy rhythm, soft lights and grilled Americans, and what develops? You're headed for the school gym. "Thought you'd like to ankle along with me." Dick chirps. "Coach at U is giving a talk and demonstration affair. Gee! Imagine a guy like that taking time for the local yokels! What a break!" Hmm-mm. What a break! What a lucky thing you tore out and enrolled the rest of your allowance in a pair of stockings with mesh toes, so you could sit in the gym and watch the coach!

Well, you wanted this man and now you've got him! You'll have to string along, or would you rather be sitting home? You curl yourself around the parallel bars and watch Coach very earnestly, asking a few questions very occasionally to show you're following. Then Dick'll know that you're having a good time, because you're with him and not because of where he takes you. The coach can't come often and you can dance another time. The smart girl goes where and when she's asked so she'll be liked again.

So You're Got Him

We won't interfere here. But we have to unload one more tip just to make this fool-proof. You're driving home and it's a lovely starry night and you've had a heavenly time. You feel very much like slipping your head on his shoulder and watching the clouds rush by and feeling the breezes in your hair. But you can't. He won't like it. Boys have things that embarrass them and that's one of them. They want to make the first move in that direction. If something is going to come of all this, anyway, Dick'll have the same idea!

YOUR HUSBAND'S MUSICAL TASTE

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best to use them, particularly radio and the phonograph. A little study of the situation may result in a distinct improvement not only of your husband's taste but perhaps even your own.

In any case you will have the fun of discovering music together, and if you have children to share it with you, so much the better. Even swing addicts can be brought to an appreciation of the structure of symphonic music and the variations on a classic theme for it is just that sort of technique, stated in popular terms, that has turned them into jitterbugs. If they are astonished at what Benny Goodman can do to a chorus of "Sweet Sue," they ought to hear what Brahms did to an E minor scale in the Finale of his Fourth Symphony.

Remember always that your own musical taste is little more than a personal opinion and that is all you can ask of your husband or anyone else. If you find that you honestly agree with the connoisseurs, that is very gratifying. But if you disagree, don't be in a hurry to jump on the band wagon. Hypocrisy has never been a help to any of the arts, least of all music.

A real music lover is not contemptuous of jazz or folk music, or even the so-called "light classics." He has a wide range of taste and adapts himself easily to circumstances. Above all, he never loses sight of the human equation. Music is significant only in so far as there are human ears to hear it. It cannot be discussed except in its relation to human beings and their reactions. As that is a subject in which most husbands are pretty well grounded. They wouldn't have picked you if their tastes hadn't been fundamentally good.

decay in the other) —“and he’d taken the impression and was working on it. And now Dulcie isn’t going to have him finish up the work; she’s going to leave him and go to Dr. Griffin. Howard is furious about it, says he has the bridge practically done and that Roger will have to pay for it whether Dulcie has it or not and you know how close Roger is. He says he’ll pay for no bridge that his wife doesn’t have.”

“My soul!” I exclaimed. I could just see what trouble that would make. Both Howard Merton and Roger Lane have stubborn streaks when they get roused. It was very evident that the girls hadn’t made it up.

I had decided to ask them both flat out what the trouble was but I happened to mention it to Will and he said he wouldn’t if he were in my place.

“I wouldn’t go getting mixed up in any neighborhood row if I were you,” he said. “Just knowing what the trouble is isn’t getting mixed up in it,” I said, “and it isn’t any neighborhood row, anyway. At worst, it’s just the Lanes and Mertons.”

“Well, if you’re smart, you’ll keep right out of it,” said Will.

I admitted that there might be some truth in what he said though if either of the girls had volunteered to tell me what had happened in that ten minutes, I certainly wouldn’t have stopped her. But neither of them did volunteer and I controlled myself and didn’t ask.

I don’t think either of them told anybody else, either, but the news spread anyway. Dulcie had a little bridge for Ruth’s cousin who was visiting. Ruth and of course she didn’t invite Rosie. She asked Corinne, of course. Then Corinne wanted to entertain for this same cousin and she wanted to invite Rosie. Rosie said she wouldn’t go if Dulcie was going to be there so Corinne said all right, she wouldn’t ask Dulcie. Which, of

BETWEEN THE YEARS

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course, made Dulcie furious, she just having had Corinne at her party. Dulcie told Ruth about it and Ruth was very sympathetic and said it was very bad taste of Corinne that Corinne should have invited Dulcie and given her the chance to decline. It got to Corinne, of course, that Ruth had said she didn’t have good taste and Ruth said that anybody who had overstuffed furniture in her sun parlor the way Corinne did was a bad one to talk about taste. Which got back to Corinne, of course, so Corinne had a bigger bridge party than either of the others and didn’t ask either Ruth or Rosie.

This hurt Ruth’s feelings terribly because it looked so queer to her cousin. So she gave a luncheon for her cousin and didn’t ask anybody who had been at Corinne’s bridge. Some of the girls who had been at Corinne’s didn’t know what it was all about so they felt that Ruth had snubbed them without rhyme or reason and they said that Ruth’s cousin’s hair was dark at the roots.

I had never noticed that it was and anyway I’m naturally broad-minded. I say that if anybody is fool enough to think that bleached hair is pretty, let them bleach theirs.

It really did make things awkward, though. None of the girls knew what had originally started the trouble but our whole crowd was getting split right in two. One half wouldn’t go to the other half’s parties.

It was about this time that I had what I thought was an inspiration. I decided that, not having taken any sides, I would be the peacemaker. I decided to have a party for Ruth’s cousin and ask everybody, just as if there wasn’t any trouble at all. Both Rosemary and Dulcie and Ruth and Corinne and

all the girls who were just a little mad. I thought it would be a sweet, tactful way to make things up.

Of course, I realized it might not work out well. That some of them might be stiff and formal and that it might be a little difficult. But I decided to mix them up at the bridge tables just as though there’d never been any trouble at all and trust to the fact they were all polite and were, in spite of everything, all old friends, to carry things off. It did seem to me that I might possibly not be able to effect the peace as I hoped, even that one half, finding that the other half had been invited, might not come.

What actually did happen, though, would never in the world have occurred to me. Each half found that the other half was invited, and neither half came.

I had invited twenty-four girls, bought the prizes for six tables, engaged Ella Crowninshield to come over from Verblen to serve the refreshments and everything. Ella had bought a new waitress apron just for the occasion and instead of just calling up the girls to ask them, I had sent out the cutest invitation cards, some I had bought on our vacation in Chicago.

Of course I had asked Ruth and her cousin first of all, the cousin being guest of honor, and they had said they would come. Then the regrets began coming in. I never saw such thin alibis in my life. It was plain as a road sign why the girls were declining. There wasn’t one good sound regret in the bunch. The only living soul who accepted was Girlie Whitaker, who lives out in the country and probably hadn’t heard about the row. Moreover, Girlie is so unpopular that when she does get an invitation she fastens onto it with a death grip. I had just asked her because I was sorry for her and because I felt so broad-minded that I thought

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Rah! Rah! Rah! FRESH CRANBERRIES TRY THESE POPULAR RECIPES...

CRANBERRY-ORANGE RELISH

1 pound (4 cups) Eatmor Cranberries
2 oranges 2 cups sugar

Put cranberries through food chopper. Quarter whole oranges, remove seeds and put through chopper. Add sugar and mix well. Chill in refrigerator a few hours before serving. Makes 1 quart relish. Keeps well in the refrigerator, —and tastes so good that folks want to have it often in cranberry time!

TEN-MINUTE CRANBERRY SAUCE

2 cups sugar 2 cups water
4 cups Eatmor Cranberries

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open (5 minutes is usually sufficient). Remove from fire; let sauce cool in saucepan. Makes 1 quart sauce.

For a thinner sauce... Just bring sugar and water to a boil, add cranberries and cook until they stop popping.

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HOLLYWOOD PARFAIT—Smart—and easy. Just crumble Dromedary Date-Nut Bread, fold into sweetened whipped cream and chill!



NEW! Try it!

BETWEEN THE YEARS

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peace and good will shouldn't balk even at

Well, I was really in a very unpleasant situation. I had only called up the girls as I had at first planned, it wouldn't have been so bad. I might have called up Ruth and smoothed it over some way, and the four of us could have had a game of bridge and a single cup of tea as though that was all there was meant to be to it. But I couldn't get away with that now. It will certainly be a lesson to me never to put anything in writing again. Ruth had thought the invitation cards were so cute that she had shown hers to Miss Waters, who runs the social column of the *Montrose Monitor* and Miss Waters had put all about my party in the paper. She had called me up to ask me about it and had gone on in the paper in that playful way she has of writing. "A little bird has hinted to me that the decorations are going to be autumn leaves and that there will be prizes unusual enough to tempt our young bridge experts to their cleverest game."

It was ghastly. There with nobody but Ruth and her cousin and that awful Girlie Whittaker coming. I had to go right ahead and make it a regular party. I even had to trim the living room with maple leaves and I couldn't so much as call off Ella Croninshield, on account of her having bought her apron. I never hope to feel like such a fool again. The four of us all dolled up in our best clothes, played bridge at one table with tally cards and candy wafers and a prize wrapped up in tissue paper and gold ribbon and then Ella, dolled up like a parlor maid in a play, served an elaborate tea with hot toasted sandwiches, salted nuts and all the trimmings.

Will was perfectly disgusted with the whole affair.

"If that isn't just like a bunch of women!" he would say. "I'm glad I belong to a sex that got some sense. How many women business go on if men made such monkeys of themselves!"

I called it to his attention that Roger Lane and Howard Merton weren't a bunch of women and that they didn't seem to be on any too good terms.

"Mert's all right," said Will defensively. "All he's doing is holding out for getting paid for honest work he's done. And Roger'd be all right, too, but Dulcie's got him under her thumb."

It was, naturally, something of a satisfaction to me after that when slowly the men began to get mixed up in the row. I must tell them the credit of doing their best to keep out of it. At the golf club and at church affairs or anywhere that both factions naturally met, the husbands of the opposing lines made a great point of it. They laughed more and louder than they would naturally and kept clapping each other on the back till they were quite black and blue. But in spite of all the Hello-there-you-old-horse-thief stuff they could pull, there was a decided strain.

It made a nervous, unnatural atmosphere in which something was bound to happen. On account of the way men stick together and hold to things on each other, I never knew many of the details. But I noticed that the back-slapping became almost hysterical and then, here and there, stopped suddenly. There was something, for instance, about a secondhand car that Scott, who is a terrible trader, sold Phil Dwyer. It had to have a new battery the very first week, and Phil said Scott must have known it would when he sold it. Of course, this sort of thing is bound to happen in any crowd once in a while and always before, it would have been

settled in one way or another and forgotten. But mine, with a row already so well started, it was like pouring kerosene on a bonfire.

Then something happened out in the club locker room between a couple of men whose wives were on opposite sides of the feud, already. Instead of its being passed off as a joke, the way Will says it would have been at any other place, this merely seemed to close on a little more kerosene. There must have been a lot of other little things that I didn't hear about, some little business difficulties and some others, that wouldn't have amounted to anything alone, but taken altogether, helped make a blaze that would scare you.

Inside of a couple of months, Will couldn't be so superior about his sex. I admit that the men didn't get to the point of actually cutting each other but so far as the truth of things went, they might just as well have. I wouldn't have believed that practically a whole town of old friends could suddenly have split into two sides that seemed actually to hate each other. All sorts of mean little things were being done that nobody would have dreamed of doing before. People seemed to feel that, all being fair in love and war and this being war, they could get away with doing things they'd have been ashamed of even thinking before.

I simply ruined any good times we might have had. Most of the people we knew were getting along well enough financially. Howard was getting a dandy start in his own dental office, Roger's new job was turning out so well he was glad to let the old Real estate was going fine for Will, everything was looking up. We had expected to go in for informal parties and have fun in our clubs and have a generally friendly, cooperative winter.

And look at us! Not that there wasn't plenty of social life. It was just that I was glad to let the men people to give parties. But they weren't nice, friendly parties any more. Each one was given to show somebody else or to put somebody else's in the shade or to get even in some way or another. Only half the old crowd would ever be at any one party and they'd spend two thirds of the time being mean about the other half. Two would be given on the same day on purpose and both parties would cost a lot more than either person who was giving it could afford, just to spoil the other one's. Everybody would have to work so hard to prove that they were having a better time than the people at the other party that nobody had any real fun at all.

It was hardest of all on me, trying to stay friends with both halves and not take sides. Every time I set foot out of the house was a nervous strain. I didn't know what I'd run into, I didn't dare so much as have a bunch in for Sunday night supper, because I wouldn't ask one side for fear of hurting somebody's feelings who was on the other side and I knew that if I asked both sides, neither would come. There weren't any of our old Dutch treat movie parties or jolly, impromptu picnics. Our old Lodge Night Club disbanded altogether.

Of course, the "bitterness" ruined things that we'd planned to undertake together. Our cooperative laundry, for instance. Rosemary and Dulcie and Ruth and Corinne and Mrs. Kirsted and I had planned to have a cooperative laundry. We had got the idea out of a magazine and had decided to have it in the back of Kirsted's old garage. Since she had built an inside one in their basement, their old garage was standing empty. There were water pipes in it already and Scott had said

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Christmas Carolers

by ELIZABETH ROTH

If you want to make a decoration for your mantel or dining-room table, here are three jolly carolers, complete with their dog and lantern, to wish you a Merry Christmas. Unlike most little boys they are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. Here is a complete list of what you will need:

Gumdrops, some round and others long
Black dried figs
Raisins
Marshmallows
Toothpicks
Pipe cleaners
A few strands of bright wool
A small piece of heavy red paper
Start in by making the head from a round gumdrop, either white or pink. Then using a crayon or lipstick, draw the eyes, nose and mouth on it. Insert a sharp toothpick in the head and join it to the fig which forms the body. Press the fig gently into the shape you wish it to be, and use as many toothpicks as you need to keep it firm. Select a pair of long bright-colored gumdrops for the legs and attach them to the body with toothpicks, then flatten out two raisins and join them to the legs for feet. Pipe cleaners stuck through either small figs or raisins



Three Christmas carolers, made from gumdrops, figs and raisins, for holiday decorations

make the arms which can be bent in any position you wish. Mold round gumdrops, which match the color of the legs, until they look like mittens and attach them for hands. The trimmings are buttons of marshmallows on toothpicks, run right through the body, a cap made of a raisin with a tiny piece of gumdrop for a pompon and a few strands of wool for a scarf. Cut and bend a piece of red paper for a book and slip it between the mittens. If your carolers can't keep their balance, stick a red toothpick into their backs at an angle for added support.

The lantern is a black gumdrop with pieces of red paper, ruled off into panes, to make it look as though it were lighted, and a bit of cord, run through a hairpin, for a handle.

The jaunty fox terrier has a body, legs and ears of lemon gumdrops and a black one forms his head and tail. It takes a little experimenting to get him just the right shape but even if he does not live up to your expectations, your family will enjoy your amateur attempts at gumdrop sculpturing. Then when the Christmas season is past, your children can dismember the carolers and have the fun of eating them.



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MADONNA
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BETWEEN THE YEARS

[Continued from Page 58]

he'd run an electric wire out to it for us for nothing.

We had been going to club together and pooled all our latest gadgets and each one of us had the use of the room one day a week. We'd even planned to get some equipment for large-scale canning next year. It was a gorgeous idea and would have worked perfectly if it hadn't been for the row. Now, of course, we just had to give it up.

That wasn't the only thing that had to be given up either, but I don't think I fully ptered out. The fair that we were going to give to raise money for free beds in the new hospital was a perfect flop because the people who ought to have worked together, wouldn't. The church supper didn't make nearly the money they always had before. Of course the older people were disapproving and were always lecturing us all but, as Will said, they weren't in a position to say much. Look at the split some of them had had a few years ago in the Water Street Church. Just when they had been on the point of putting up a beautiful new building, too. Neither side had ever given in and the big church had never been built. In fact, the old one had been let run down and the school that met in the hall that had never been able to put up a building at all.

And we were all heading the same way. I've always heard the expression "A house divided against itself cannot stand" but I never actually saw it working out before my very eyes before. Verblen beat us at basketball because Tom Wing, who is the best center in the state, and Wally Ricer, who is a marvelous forward, wouldn't play on the same team. Our Christmas Community Chest actually didn't raise as much money as Dawson, which is a much smaller town.

For a long time, not being on either side, myself, the whole thing just seemed half funny and half maddening to me. But as the holidays came on, it began to seem terribly sad. Under all the hectic gaiety and entertaining, there was a queer, grim feeling of something lovely that was dying. We'd see it in queer, horrid ways. Howard's dentistry wasn't going well and when I thought of the gallant fight he and Rosie had put up to start that office of his, in spite of their four babies, it just made me sick. Old friends, who, a year ago, would have done anything for Howard, going way over to Verblen to Dr. Blain rather than let Howard fill a tooth for them. Some of the poor families on the other side of the tracks actually not getting Thanksgiving baskets because somebody on the Good Samaritan committee wouldn't call up somebody else and ask for a card.

Christmas time was the saddest of all. I thought of a year ago and the fun we'd had, all getting up a Christmas Eve dinner at our house together, hurrying through the snowy twilight with presents for the different houses, trimming the Sunday school Christmas tree and filling the candy bags with such hilarity and good nature. Scott dressed up like Santa Claus and Gene Perkins saying he was the head reindeer. The Community sing Christmas afternoon. I remembered how it had suddenly brought tears to my eyes, when we were singing "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," and I happened to hear some of the men in the crowd in the bass line remember how I'd known them in kindergarten when they all sang "Jingle Bells" in treble.

Christmas, this year, was a hideous farce. Two parties to every one of a year ago. Noisy, brassy parties, full of gossip and hate. In the midst of more social life than Montrose had had in years I felt queer and lonely and homesick.

Will and I didn't go to any parties. We

had been so careful not to take sides that we didn't have any place anywhere. We had a nice, quiet day with our mothers and fathers and the children and all the next two or three days, we kept telling each other that we were glad we were out of the trouble and that it was just foolishness and that we were better off alone than mixed up in it. But being strong-minded is a lonesome business. Holiday week without any merry-making is queer and dull. By the middle of the week I was starved for a little sociability that I made up my mind that I should go to the next affair I was asked to, whichever side was giving it.

And the invitation came from Dulcie for a New Year's Eve party. I asked Will if he wanted to go and he said he supposed he might as well.

Fifteen minutes after Dulcie had been in, the telephone rang and it was Rosemary, asking us to a New Year's Eve party at their house. Of course we had to refuse and it made me just sick. I'm almost as fond of Rosie as I am of my own sister. And Howard and Will and the twins were sick and the new rompers. Howard and Rosie would hear that we had been at the Lanes and feel, of course, that we had at last taken sides against them. At first I thought of getting out of Dulcie's party, after all, but when I remembered the way Dulcie had helped me out the time the twins were sick and had said of nice things she'd done for me I couldn't bring myself to do that, either. Besides Will and I had stuck at home so much that I couldn't help feeling kind of pepped up at the idea of going to any party again.

The day before New Year's Eve, it began to snow hard. It snowed all day long and all night and the next morning Dulcie came over to tell me that they were going to make it an old-fashioned sleigh ride and drive out to the old Dewdrop Inn, where we used to have our high school parties, for oyster stew and to dance the old year out.

It was a perfect night for a sleigh ride, clear and still and warm. No wind and no snow. A lot of the old crowd was there, very gay and noisy. I suppose there was a bit of a strain and that everybody was being a little gayer and noisier than they would have been naturally, a little determined to prove that they were having a simply marvelous time. But a sleigh ride will carry a lot of noise and hilarity and it seemed so good to be out with a crowd again and I cuddled down under the straw between Roger and Betty Pierce and found myself having a much better time than I had expected.

We drove away out the pike and through the wood lots and along the Old Stockade Road. It was a little after ten when we saw the lights of the Dewdrop Inn shining through the bare branches and out over the glittery snow. Everyone was a little cold by then and starved. As we opened the Inn door, light and warmth and the smell of coffee greeted us.

Two new pair of bobs were standing outside the door, the horses had been unhitched and put out in the barn.

"I guess Mr. Fleck got his other party," said Dulcie.

"He said he hoped to get a crowd from Verblen. It hardly pays him to open up the Inn for a crowd of ten."

Mr. Fleck came to the door to greet us, he knew most of us by name. The big hall was all trimmed up with evergreen ropes and there was a fire burning at each end of the room. The other party was already in one of the small dining rooms, we could hear them laughing and shouting. The cloakroom was half full of wraps. Having another house there too added much more fun, the hall

would have seemed a little empty with just our bunch when we came to the dancing. If it was a Verblen crowd, we'd know most of them, would doubtless all join forces after supper.

I was wriggling out of the sweater I'd worn under my big coat and waiting for my turn at the mirror in the powder room when I happened to glance about at the wraps already on the hooks and thrown over the chairs and tables. Suddenly, my heart stood still.

There, on the chair beside me, was Rosie Merton's coat.

Surprisingly, to make sure Dulcie didn't see me, I turned back the edge of the coat, just to make doubly sure. Yes, there was the tan and brown foulard lining that Rosemary had been putting in, that very day when she and Dulcie and Mrs. Kirsied and I had sat sewing on her porch. The day that that terrible, mysterious something had happened between her and Dulcie. That unknown, devastating something that had killed the happiness and the tried old friendliness of half a town.

For an instant, I had a wild impulse to get Rosemary and Dulcie together there that night, with all the crowd around, both warring halves of what had once been such a jolly, affectionate whole. And make them tell us all just what it was that had started the trouble. Surely it couldn't be anything that couldn't be made up.

But I knew almost instantly that it was a wild and melodramatic and impossible idea of mine. For at that moment, Dulcie recognized the coat, too, realized what had happened, that it wasn't some distant friendly crowd from Verblen who was eating supper there in the dining room beside ours, who would dance in the same room with us, to the same radio music. Dulcie went stony white and shut her lips in the little hush, angry was she, I knew that nothing I or anybody else could do would help things now.

Instantly, the news spread that the other crowd was there, too. There was a kind of stiffening up. Everybody became much gayer and much much noisier. A defiant challenging sort of gaiety. You never saw such hilarity as we made over our oyster stew and coffee and ham sandwiches and pickles. You never heard so many jokes called from one end of the table to the other. Such merriment, such laughter. And yet, looking around at the tense eyes just above the laughing mouths, you knew it wasn't truly merry.

The radio was on and the others were already dancing when we streamed out into the hall. A few of the boys exchanged sheepish, gruff greetings but in the main nobody spoke. We swung into the dance too. Brushing shoulders with people we'd known all our lives. People who had worked and played together since they were babies. And tonight, wouldn't even wish each other Happy New Year.

Between dances, they gathered around the fireplace at one end of the hall and we around the fire at the other. When the music for the next number began, Will resolutely strode up to the other end of the room and asked Rosie to dance. She refused, politely, saying she'd promised the dance already. But she hadn't, because she just sat there till Bill Hewitt in her own crowd asked her. When Will came back to our bunch, people glared at him angrily. He was as conspicuous as was unpopular as a spy caught in the enemy's lines.

After Will's disastrous attempt, nobody in either crowd paid any attention to anybody in the other. One dance followed another, each gayer and swifter than the one before. We all cut in on each other in our own crowds and whirled and laughed and

flirted. And I don't believe the gaiety really fooled one person in that big room. There was the sharp, pungent sweetness of the evergreen branches, the soft brightness of candles burning in the big sconces on each side of the fireplace. And that music coming from so far away lent a queer touch of magic. Reminded you, as your own private music never could have, of other people, other places, everywhere. Dancing the Old Year Out.

Suddenly, the music stopped. An announcer said there was but a few minutes before midnight. That at midnight all stations tuning in would be able to hear the bells and whistles welcoming the New Year. In the meantime, he said, the orchestra would play a waltz medley of old-fashioned airs.

After the hot excitement of the swing music and the modern dances, there was something queer and still and romantic about a waltz. I was glad that Will asked me to dance that one with him.

All the old tunes that had been old-fashioned even when we were youngsters, tunes that our mothers and fathers must have valued to. "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," "After the Ball," "The Sidewalks of New York." Some of our boys began to whistle, the girls to hum, now and then someone took up a snatch of words.

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true, I'm half crazy—all for the love of you."

I wondered in how many other places, all over the country, other people were dancing the Old Year out, singing, too. Queer, how suddenly came flashing back into my mind, other parties we'd had here at the Dewdrop Inn. Kid affairs, with snappers and paper caps and pinning the tail on the donkey, the high school senior dance when we'd caught Scott and Corinne kissing on the stairs and they'd told us we were engaged, the first of us all to take the leap.

"We shan't have a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage, But you'll look sweet—upon the seat Of a bicycle built for two."

I don't know why, but just then I thought of Mary Burns, who had been going to marry Bob Wheeler. We'd all been so thrilled at the sight of him in his aviator's uniform. How he had kissed Mary good-by at the station with us all looking on. And never came back.

Again the music crept from one tune into another.

"Remember this one?" Will asked me suddenly. "Member Rose and Dulcie singing it at that old-fashioned concert our class gave when we graduated from grammar?"

I did remember suddenly, Dulcie with her short, yellow curly hair and Rosie, with her little thin legs and her two long brown braids. I could hear them now. Queer, for a radio orchestra to be broadcasting that old song.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more You'll be sorry when you see me Sliding down our cellar door."

I guess Will and I weren't the only ones who remembered Rosie and Dulcie singing it. I looked up at Howard Merton, who was dancing past, and he was looking queer and sheepish, half as though he wanted to laugh. So did Scott and Corinne.

"You can't holler down our rain barrel, You can't climb our apple tree—"

The memory seemed to flash from dancer to dancer, people suddenly turned red, there was a half laugh from somewhere at the other end of the room, not the noisy, defiant laugh we'd grown used to. Some man's reluctant laugh, half ashamed, half amused.

"I don't want to play in your yard If you won't be good to me."

[Continued on Page 61]

Vitamin for you, Sir!

Here's Pillsbury's Farina, with Vitamin B₁, to help you grow... from square pants to long ones!



Vitamin B₁—an essential to your family's health—has been added to this delicious, low-cost hot wheat cereal . . . without adding a penny to its cost to you.

And—you needn't shake your finger to make the family eat it. Babies love it—so do grownups. With cream and sugar, or served with hot butter, it's smooth, delicate, delicious.

A bowl of Pillsbury's Farina belongs at every place at your table—from baby's high chair to the spot where father sits. Pillsbury's Farina contains added vitamin B₁ to help you build up your daily intake of this food essential. Nutrition authorities say vitamin B₁ is essential to proper growth in children . . . and that the whole family needs it for sound nerves, good appetite, the ability to thrive on hard physical activity.

And . . . this unusually valuable cereal sells at a price so low it will amaze you. In fact—not even potatoes bring you calories at so low a cost.

Look for the baby's face on the package—at your grocer's.

A CREAMY-WHITE WHEAT CEREAL—HELPS YOUR CHILDREN GROW!

Pillsbury's
WITH ADDED VITAMIN B₁
FARINA



Delicious LEMON PIE

So easy to make—no grating, no fuss, no failures—with the popular

GOOD LUCK DESSERT

(Lemon Flavor)

You'll adore its natural taste and home-made texture. Try it. Only a few cents a package. Then you'll want to serve the other flavors of Good Luck Desserts—chocolate, butterscotch and vanilla—for pie fillings and puddings. And by all means use Good Luck Prepared Pie Crust. Makes perfectly delicious, flaky crusts without failure or bother. Simply add water and roll out. It's great!



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DESSERTS**
Easy to Make • Good to Eat

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The
NEW, EASY WAY
to make
WAFFLES



FULLY PREPARED
Just add
WATER · MIX · BAKE
That's all!

Be Your Own Handy Man

MAKE YOUR HOUSE TIGHT FOR THE WINTER

by DOROTHY DUCAS

This winter, of all winters, we want our houses to be warm, snug havens, proof against drafts, cold and sky-rocketing fuel bills. We want our families to be healthy and comfortable in a year when everybody is working hard, and we want to conserve fuel, as requested by the national defense program.

Now's a good time to look at your house with critical eyes, find all the cracks and crevices, eliminate them as fast as your budget will allow. You will be surprised at how much you can do without extensive and

metal with little teeth that fasten into wool felt, costs more and is more durable. A dollar will buy about 30 feet. You can figure how much you need by doubling the height and width of each window. A 3 by 6 window takes 18 feet. Since it uses less metal than all-metal stripping, which lasts the longest, it probably is a wise choice this year with a metal shortage looming. It requires no grooving of the sides of windows and doors, so your family house probably can do it.

Metal weatherstripping, the kind used in new window units that come already weatherstripped, also may be added to existing windows. This is a deluxe member of the weatherstripping family. It costs about \$1.25 per 3 by 5 window (smaller than those mentioned above), \$2.50 per single door. If you can find in your local hardware store some of the packaged variety, made before metals became scarce, it will prove a long-term investment. It comes all cut to the measurements of standard windows and doors, with nail holes and special nails for installation included. Not only is it durable, but it has a flexible strip that springs out and presses against the sash or door edge, making a tight seal over hairline cracks. It does not require plowing a groove into the sash either. No special tools are needed for installation, merely a hammer, a screwdriver and a pair of pliers. And detailed instructions are part of each package.



Felt weatherstripping is the easiest to tack around door and window frames

Caulking

Then there are the cracks around windows and door frames, caused when a house settles or when wood shrinks. The solution for these is caulking. Caulking means filling up the gaps between wall and window or door with a material that makes a bond between the frame and the wall. Use a putty-like substance, especially created for the purpose; it hardens without losing its flexi-

expensive repairs. For instance, the number of small air holes found around windows and doors is amazing. It is estimated that a 3- by 6-foot window has 21 linear feet of hairline crack around it. Time widens the crack from 1/16 to 3/32 of an inch. That may seem small at first glance. But it is equal to more than 23 square inches of opening, about the size of a saucer! If you had a hole in your windowpane that size, you'd certainly block it up. And you can patch many of these holes yourself as easily as you darn a pair of socks.

Weatherstripping

Felt weatherstripping is easily tacked around the openings where windows and doors set into their frames. This weatherstripping sells at most dime stores for 10 cents a 25-foot roll. That's more than enough for a 3 by 6 window that takes 18 feet. The felt has to be renewed every two or three years, for it wears out quickly, so figure on replacement when you use it.

Felt is fastened to the inside frame of door or window with tiny tacks or brads spaced several inches apart. Take the sash out of double-hung windows while working. It's unnecessary with casement windows and doors. The strip must be cut around the door lock, there usually is a good tight fit there anyhow. Felt also may be tacked to the back of a door, forming a flange over the crack between door edge and door frame, but this neither looks as well nor gives as tight a fit. If you have a teen-age son, give him this job, he can do it and he will enjoy it.

A longer-lived weatherstripping, made of



A hand-operated caulking gun seals cracks between window frame and wall

bility, is able to expand and contract with temperature changes, so it won't pull away again in a hurry. Most compounds come already mixed and ready to use. They range in price from 60 cents to \$1 a quart.

There are two ways of applying caulking compounds at home. One is by forcing it into the joints with a putty knife or small trowel. Don't do it in severely cold weather, don't be a Spartan and attempt it in rain or

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snow. The second way is to get a hand-operated caulking gun that squirts the putty-like substance into the crevices. Some caulking compound manufacturers sell such a gun for 50 cents, along with their compound. Whichever method you use, it is often advisable to clean around your window frame with spirits of turpentine and a stiff, short-bristled brush. The compound is usually gray in color but a day or so after it is applied, it gets a protective skin over which you can paint any color your window frames happen to be. It also comes in brick red, brown and black. Or, by paying about 10 per cent more, you can order it in tan, green or white.

A Door Seal

Your house still may be the victim of drafts, unless you do something to the under edge of doors. Many drafts slip underneath entrance doors or doors to rooms in which windows are opened, as for example at night. These chill breezes lower the temperature of your whole house, even if they occur only when you are asleep. Stopping them means fewer sneezes and money saved on heating your house. Weatherstripping can be applied to the under edge of doors, though all but the felt kind are best done by a professional carpenter or weatherstripping specialist. But there is a door seal which can be purchased ready made for \$1.50 or \$2 and installed by the "head of the house." It consists of metal and a thick fabric so constructed that when the device is screwed to the under edge of the door, the fabric drops down and rests on the floor whenever the door is closed. When the door is opened the fabric automatically raises. It not only stops drafts but dust, odors and sound, too.

Storm Sash and Storm Doors

Do you have storm sash and storm doors for your house? These extra panes of glass creating air spaces between outside and inside windows and doors, help make a house tight for the winter by keeping cold air out and warm air in. Storm sash and doors are available, ready made, in stock sizes to be installed in the place of summer screens. Find out what brand windows and doors you have, contact the manufacturer for prices. If your windows are not branded but were made in a local mill, ask your local mill or building materials dealer for prices. If you can't afford to equip all the openings of your house at once, start with the entrance door and the windows on the coldest side of your house. As a guide to prices: mail-order houses sell both screens and doors from around \$7.50 and up per door.

Other Heat Savers

Insulation, particularly on the floor of an unused attic, helps make a house tight by acting as a barrier to the heat which rises from lower floors and passes through the roof. Insulation is available today in flanged paper coverings, which make it easy to place between floor joists. Do it yourself? Of course! Enough wool for the unfinished floor of a 30- by 20-foot attic costs from \$25 to \$40.

If your cellar is a source of cold air because your heating plant is the insulated kind that doesn't heat up the cellar, or if you use space heaters only in the rooms of your house, see that cracks between your first floor boards are filled with plastic wood or crack filler, painted to match the floor. Or nail fireproof wallboard across an unfinished cellar ceiling. There are many varieties of it to be found in your local lumber yards, and the board usually costs 4 or 5 cents a square foot.

If your house really has holes in roof, walls or foundations, the cost of more drastic steps may be absorbed by reduced heating costs. But even without reroofing, residing or re-pointing of masonry, you will be surprised at how much can be accomplished in small ways to make your house tight for the winter.

Ladies! Act Quick!
Limited Time Only!

FREE!
OF EXTRA COST

beautiful, 9" colored-handle

PICKLE FORK

Look! Wonderful Fork Works 3 Ways

- Amazingly spears "hard-to-get" pickles, olives in long-necked jars!
- Wonderfully saves burnt hands at picnics, marshmallow, steak, wieners, roasts!
- Attractively serves assorted relishes—hors d'oeuvres.

Given To Induce Nine Thousands To Try Delicious Malt-o-Meal

Ladies! Thrilling opportunity! Stunning 9-inch, colored-handle, two pronged pickle fork—FREE of extra cost for one boxtop from Malt-o-Meal, sensational wheat cereal with delicious toasted-malt flavor!

This fork serves scores of uses. Lustrous, chip-resistant, break-resistant, Catlin handle—heavy nickel-plated shaft! So handy you'll wonder how you ever got along without it!

Malt-o-Meal is rich in food value. Contains energy-rich parts of wheat. So easily digested, many doctors recommend it for baby's first solid food. Yet, cooks in 3 minutes—costs less than 1/16 per serving!

Hurry! Act Now!

Simply buy Malt-o-Meal at your grocer today; then mail boxtop with coupon below! Your beautiful, colored-handle pickle fork will be sent postpaid, Free of Extra Cost!

ACTUAL
SIZE
LARGER
THAN
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USE THIS COUPON TODAY!

Malt-o-Meal,

Dept. 25, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed please find 1 yellow boxtop from package of Malt-o-Meal, for which please send me one colored-handle pickle fork, as described.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

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KITCHEN BOUQUET

"It Makes the Gravy"

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THIS IS NEEDLEPOINT
the tenth article in our
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For YOUR HOLIDAY PARTIES

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Appetizers

Gorton's
Ready-to-Fry
Cod Fish Cakes

Made from famous GORTON'S CODFISH

BETWEEN THE YEARS

[Continued from Page 61]

Rosemary and Dulcie, looking straight at each other, for the first time in months, across the room.

Suddenly, the music stopped.

"In a few seconds," said the announcer, "you will hear the bells ringing in the New Year."

The dancing stopped. Every one stood still. Nobody spoke. In the sudden stillness, we could smell the evergreen branches, hear the sap in the fire-logs, the sputter of a candle that had burned down.

There was something queer and goose-fleshy in that waiting stillness. I found myself staring at the candles, and they seemed to blur and dance. It was as though, for those few moments, there was no such thing as space or time. As though we were all waiting together, we in Montrose, other dancers at other parties, soldiers, sailors, men on planes and submarines, women on lonely farms. No time, either. I thought of Mother and Father, watching some Old Year out when they were young as we were, and had danced to those same old waltzes. Of our babies, asleep at home—why, it would hardly be tomorrow before they would be dancing the Old Year out and making love and having babies of their own—

Suddenly, the candle I was watching, I winked brighter an instant and flickered out. I thought of Mary Burns' lover, who had never come back. It was as though some ghostly voice were whispering of New Year's Eves to come, of other candles flickering out of friends and lovers—we had such a short time together at best. I felt Will's arm grow tense and tight around me, as though he were thinking of it, too.

The silence seemed to grow stiller. Then there was a quick rush of feet. There was a little vacant space in the middle of the floor and two figures were suddenly in it, in each other's arms. Laughing and crying together.

Whistles and sirens blared out of the silence. Bells ringing, distant shouts, distant laughter. The New Year had come in, over the radio.

Instantly, we all took it up. Shouting, too, ringing our bells, shaking our clackers. Whistling, calling, laughing. And there, in the middle of the floor, Rosemary and Dulcie, arm in arm, brushing away tears, laughing together.

"Come on!" Will shouted. "An old-fashioned Paul Jones!" The radio music began. All join hands and circle to the right. One great circle—not a soul held back. Roger and Howard Merton with Corinne between them. "Grand right and left—make it snappy there!" Some one blew a whistle. "Dance with the lady on your right!"

Will swinging away with Rosemary, Howard with Dulcie. Girls who hadn't been speaking for months smiling shyly at each other over their partner's shoulders. Men, who had grown stiff and formal, cutting in on each other hilariously, tumbling each other out of the way. Back in the circle again. "Ladies to the center! Circle right, men circle left! Basket!"

No reconciliations, no apologies, no explanations. Nobody knew what Rose and Dulcie said to each other that moment in the stillness between the years, any more than anybody knew what they had said that other time before that had started all the trouble. And nobody cared.

The feud was over. Over with the Old Year. By some magic, we had waked up out of the nightmare. And too happy to ask how or why, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," in waltz time, we danced the New Year in.

APPLES FOR DESSERT

These three good recipes for unusual apple desserts have been contributed by our readers. We tested them in our Kitchen and give them to you now when apples are plentiful and reasonable in price.

FRUSTRATE APPLES

Costs 20 cents (November 1941)

Serves 4

Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup sugar
1 1/4 cups water

1 tablespoon butter
4 medium-sized apples

Boil sugar, water, and butter together for 5 minutes. Core and pare apples and add to syrup. Cook until tender, turning occasionally. Remove apples to individual dessert dishes. Boil syrup until slightly thick and pour over apples. Serve hot with:

PRALINE SAUCE

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup pecans
3 tablespoons water

Caramelize sugar over low heat in heavy frying pan until light brown color, being careful not to burn it. Stir in nuts until they are well coated; add water and cook one minute. Pour over apples. Mrs. Rosemary Amison, Dayton, Ohio.

NEW ENGLAND APPLE PIE WITH PORK

Costs 23 cents (November 1941)

Serves 6

Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 cup finely diced fat and lean fresh pork
6 large cooking apples
1/2 cup brown sugar

1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon salt
Pastry

Fry pork slowly until golden brown. Peel, core and slice apples. Add pork and hot fat, sugar, cinnamon and salt; mix well. Turn into pastry-lined 9-inch pie pan. Cover with top crust, seal edges and make slits in top to allow escape of steam. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour. Serve warm. Mrs. S. F. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

DANISH APPLE SAUCE DESSERT

Costs 32 cents (November 1941)

Serves 6

Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup sifted flour
1/2 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup butter
1 egg, grade B
2 1/4 cups apple sauce or 1 No. 2 can apple sauce
Lemon sauce

Mix dry ingredients together; add butter, mixing with fingertips or pastry blender; add egg to make a soft dough. Chill a few minutes, divide in 3 parts. Pat each circle of dough into a round about 8 inches in diameter and 1/4 inch thick. Place rounds on cookie sheet and bake in slow oven at 300° F., for about 20 minutes, or until lightly browned. Put one round in deep greased casserole. Spread with half the apple sauce. Top with second round and cover with remaining apple sauce. Place last piece on top, cover with warm lemon sauce. Store for 24 hours in refrigerator before serving.

LEMON SAUCE

1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Grated rind 1 lemon

1 egg, grade B, beaten
1 1/4 cups milk, scalded

Mix cornstarch, sugar, egg and lemon rind. Add milk gradually. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Miss Dorothy Harder, Indianapolis, Ind.

BETWEEN NEIGHBORS

[Continued from Page 7]

Fill In the Chinks of Spare Time

You ask your readers to write how to manage one's housework to leave over time for reading and recreation. This is how I've solved that problem.

I make a list of "urgents" (jobs which are not routine, such as washing the curtains, waxing floors etc.) and do them in order, waiting to think of the next task till I meet it on my list. I also try to combine jobs. For example, baking a pie, a bread cake and cookies, one after the other, without messing up the kitchen for three separate bakings.

(Think how I save on dish washing by using the same utensils three times.) My ironing is always saved to do when a favorite radio program is on; I even set the table and dry the dishes to the tune of my favorite dance orchestra and the work seems to go twice as fast. Mending and darning are put aside until company comes in—I can talk just as well with a needle in my hand.

I manage to do a great amount of reading. This is left for "in-between-times" during the day—when I get tired and a half hour from the couch pulls me up again—and late in the evening.

And—this will shock many of you—in the interest of a flexible program I often work at most unorthodox times. For example if the children want me to go on a hike with them Saturday afternoon, I am likely to push off the baking till Saturday night. Why not? While the stuff is in the oven I can sit and read or listen to the radio. I find it great fun to fill in the chinks of my spare time, the work gets done and I somehow have plenty of leisure, too.

MRS. L. J. LEWIS, Columbus, Ohio

Tip for Dressmakers

For economy's sake and also for sheer pleasure I often make my own clothes. Instead of cutting the V's, which are used to mark the various matching pieces of a pattern, into the material, I cut them away from it, making points; thereby eliminating the possibility of cutting too far into the material and spoiling the garment. Then, too, if a narrower seam is necessary than originally planned, one will not have that cut to contend with. After the article is finished, the points can easily be snipped off.

Here's for continued swapping of ideas in Between Neighbors.

MRS. A. OLSEN, Lakewood, Ohio

Mabel Hill Souvaine makes this comment: "And when you have to let out seams for your growing daughter, or your own added weight, you'll be glad there are no nicks to contend with."

High School Pin Money

Pin money for a sixteen-year-old girl is always quite a problem, especially during these times. While attending a girls' camp this summer I learned how to make "name pins." When school started one of my classmates offered to pay me if I would make her one. That one order was filled and brought many more. Some days there are as many as forty orders, some coming from quite a distance through my "friends' friends. My brother and sister help me sometimes to keep the requests filled promptly.

Use a small piece of wood, $\frac{3}{16} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$ ". On one side carve out a narrow trench, large enough to hold a small gold safety pin, leaving the side that has the point on sticking up. Fasten the pin into the trench with plastic wood. On the reverse side of the piece of wood glue letters from alphabet noodles to spell the name wanted. Last apply a coat of clear shellac.

DONNA YOELIN, Dover, Ohio.

IS YOUR CHILD BAD?

[Continued from Page 40]

stubbornness, which is felt by a child who is called bad for something it had never entered his head might be wrong, or for something which he may in fact have intended as a special help. And by avoiding the label "bad" for certain sorts of more serious misbehavior, she spares her child a sense of shame, something every child should be spared, because shame is one of the most destructive sensations a human being can feel.

I'd like to impress one of these points very strongly: that children (and not only little ones) are often honestly surprised to find that what seemed absolutely all right to them is all wrong to their parents. The very little ones are bewildered when they find themselves in the doghouse, and the older ones hurt or resentful.

For this reason, the second point I mentioned before is important: that children will be "good" not only if we understand them (first point) but that they will be "good" if they can understand us. Now this they can't do completely of course. Their limited experience as children would make it impossible for them to entirely understand us. But in connection with the demands we make upon them, or our necessary correction, we can help them somewhat to get our viewpoint. "No, Jimmy, I'd rather you didn't whistle in the living room today. Aunt Helen and her friends are coming and I want to keep the house in order and not have to wade through shavings," will give your small son an idea of what you care about. He may not feel with you, but he will get an inkling of your viewpoint, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred co-operate.

"But why can't I have the team to tonight, Mother? We're just gonna take 'em and lead around?" seems a reasonable enough proposition to Dave. So a flat denial is not enough. Tell him his father's had a tough week at the office and has a cold coming on and needs quiet, and he begins to see your side of the question.

These are minor matters, but give an idea of what I mean. As to our teen-age sons and daughters, we should grant them the dignity of being people in their own right, we can and should discuss with them many of the serious differences of opinion that so often arise between them and us at this crucial time in their lives, and really open up in order that they can look at life from our side of the fence too. The boy or girl of high school age, and how emphatically this should be noted by teachers, who is repeatedly called bad for this and bad for that is lowered in his own estimation, begins to feel a sense of shame, and often ends by thinking, "I'm called bad for a lot of things I don't do to be mean. I get blamed for what other kids do. I might as well live up to it all and have the fun of it and be bad." So, discouraged inwardly but outwardly cocky and defiant, he does become a serious problem, or actually delinquent.

Regardless of age or deed, don't label your children bad, either to their faces or behind their backs. Instead, try to understand them with great patience and guide them to the best of your ability, and do let them know you love them. On that last point, odds are we're too often slipshod, making our children constantly conscious of the fact that we are aware of their faults, but never really taking the trouble to let them know how much we love them. After all none of us, children or grownups, can take love entirely for granted. We need occasionally some "outward and visible sign" of this "inward and spiritual grace."

Remember that children are "good" if they are understood and "good" if they can be made to understand us.

**WHEN DO TWO
LIVE CHEAPER
THAN ONE?**

**THAT'S EASY—
WHEN THE BOSS
FEEDS US ON
HUNT CLUB**



**YOU ADD THE MOISTURE
TO DRY, MODERN**

**HUNT CLUB
DOG FOOD**

INSTEAD OF PAYING FOR IT

Thus you feed 15 lbs. of appetizing, nutritious food, double-rich in vitamins and high in meat content, for each 5-lbs. that you buy. Ask your grocer for this health-and-energy-building food. Packed in an inexpensive paper bag, the saving is passed on to you.



BABY COMING?

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY. Follow his advice on breast-feeding and supplementary feeding. Careful attention to proper nutrition can improve baby's health. Above all, ask him about the advantages of Hygeia Nursing Bottles and Nipples. Special offer! Send 10¢ in coin or stamps to Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc., Dept. 1-70, Buffalo, N. Y., for Hygeia Bottle and Nipple, worth 35¢ retail.



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*from the notebook of
Elsa Conners.*

IT'S THE SEASON. Whether you resent or applaud it, the fact still remains that Christmas is a sentimental season when hearts return to childhood days and family customs are practiced with affection. At Christmas you will often see such sights as a battered little snowman taking a position of honor in elaborate surroundings, one insignificant, tarnished gold star lording it with confidence



over far more beautiful and modern ornaments on the tree below. I know a hard-headed business man who wouldn't think of celebrating Christmas without a toot or a boy, a dignified dowager whose Christmas would not be complete without a gingerbread Santa Claus.

And then there are the three shabby little reindeer which make their annual appearance on our Christmas mantel, reindeer so decrepit that it takes careful handling and scientifically placed props to keep them in position. The world is full of shining, modern reindeer, strong and sturdy, handsome and bold little reindeer, far more desirable than our funny trio, that is, far more desirable from every point of view except that our particular Dancer, Prancer and Vixen have been a part of every Christmas since my fifth one.

The flaming holiday pudding at your house, the Christmas tree-trimming supper party at Mary's, gilded walnuts with Christmas fortunes at Aunt's, my father's beloved Viennese waltz as prelude to the Christmas breakfast at our house, the yule log ceremony at your Cousin Tom's country cottage, midnight carols on the balcony of a city apartment, family customs all of them, personal symbols to someone of what Christmas means to all of us.

HIGH PRAISE. It was while she was knitting in a room adjoining her son's playroom, where a half dozen cub scouts were busily building model airplanes, that she overheard what she considers the finest compliment any mother could receive.

"The sound of pounding hammers mingled with the thud of a drum being vigorously beaten to the phonograph recording of 'Yankee Doodle' done on bugles. One of the young visitors, whose home life is conditioned by the temperamental vagaries of an unsympathetic older sister, shouted anx-



iously above the din. 'Won't your mother throw us out if we make so much noise?' 'Oh, she's just a mother, she won't get insulted,' replied the son of the house with nonchalant assurance. What he was saying of course in his boyish way was, 'My mother

understands.' And that his confidence in her was justified, is proved by the pride his mother takes in reporting the doubtfully worded comment.

SOME DECEMBER REFLECTIONS that have found their way to my notebook—

That, as any woman knows, a bright wool scarf from the man she loves, makes a merrier Christmas than the finest furs from one she doesn't.

That lucky is the child to whom Christmas means a time to plan for the pleasures of others, rather than a time dedicated solely to compiling long lists of "The things I want from Santa Claus."

That many a man, who complains because his wife is all tired out at Christmas time, considers his own holiday work done when he has handed his wife the list of his relatives for whom gifts are to be selected.

That a motto over a fireplace in the national headquarters of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Washington, D. C., which reads, "I cannot warm you if your heart be cold," is echoed in every shining Christmas candle, in every twinkling Christmas star.

ALL TOGETHER. When the family Christmas is a non-womanly affair, you may be sure there is either a martyr mother or a very foolish one at the hearth.

In either case, she is sure to be tired and cross by Christmas Eve, and whenever, even in the forgiving Christmas season, was an exhausted and irritable woman around the house, popular or happy? What if the frosting on the holiday cakes isn't satin smooth? What if the raisin eyes of the Christmas



cookie animals don't match in size or position? What if the holly wreaths in the windows seem a trifle crooked? If the children have helped put them there, it will be a merrier Christmas for all of that.

REVELATIONS. I know a canny gentleman who sets himself up as something of an authority on our sex, who claims that the best way to get honest information from a woman about herself, about her likes and dislikes, to make her thoroughly angry, said this lecturer on matters of psychology. "The easiest way for me to obtain a rapid survey on some subject for which I want specific information is to make a sweeping general statement that I know will arouse members of a feminine audience to resentment and wrath. They will swoop down on me like parachute troops and in no time at all they will have given me more material for further lectures, more answers, and undoubtedly far more accurate ones, to questions I wanted answered, than I could have obtained in a lifetime of surveys made from ladies in their calmer moments. There is little restraint in an angry woman." I wonder if the findings of this psychologist are not at the same time a tip to men—a warning to women, in the affairs of private life.



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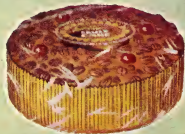


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